The Nation.

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The Week.

In deciding to let the construction of the Panama Canal by private contract, the Canal Commission has adopted the wisest policy. It is doubtless the one which in the end will cost the country far less money than if the Government should undertake the whole great work itself. It is just three years since we filched the Panama Canal strip from Colombia, on the ground of urgent necessity for the immediate construction of the canal. That it has taken so long to reach this fundamental decision shows again how ridiculous was the claim that we had no time to negotiate another treaty with Colombia before making the "dirt fly." Whether contractors can now be found to undertake the work remains to be seen. We sincerely hope that they will be forthcoming; but there seems to be little enthusiasm among some who would naturally be expected to be eager to bid on the contracts. There are several reasons for this. One is that the present plans do not commend themselves in all details to engineers; another is that the Commission may attach troublesome conditions to the contracts, particularly in relation to Chinese labor.

After a long alienation Senator Albert J. Beveridge has returned to his darling theme of destiny. Destiny apparently retains him to enunciate her occasional oracles, and now employs him to predict the annexation of Cuba. It must come about, because "in the end, destiny will have her way." So speaks the silver-tongued determinist from Indiana. Now, opinions are free, and the topics of destiny and of all the mysterious ways of God with man are dogmatically discussed from a thousand nail-kegs. But these unofficial augurs speak for nobody but themselves. Mr. Beveridge, however, chooses, at a time when President Roosevelt is valiantly undertaking an unselfish negotiation of much delicacy, to declare to the world that the enterprise is impossible. He nudges the average man, and bids him regard a creditable expression of national altruism as so much moonshine. If his words have any weight whatever, they merely increase the burden Mr. Roosevelt has shouldered. Fortunately, the private opinions of Mr. Beveridge, while doubtless interesting to the State of Indiana, are not highly important to the nation at large. Least of all is Mr. Roosevelt likely to heed the cold water his friends throw upon a generous project. To the principle of forbearance in Cuba, he is committed both by personal conviction and by self-interest. In any case, he would do his best to prevent the crumbling of that ideal of a Free Cuba for which he hazarded his life, while he knows well that the annexationist movement is highly suspect. Then, too, he is not used to kneeling ecstatically before the shrine of Our Lady Destiny, but is generally up and taking a hand himself.

The impression, helped on by his own speeches, that Secretary Taft would not take the first vacancy occurring on the Supreme bench is now confirmed. It is, of course, the effect of this decision on the next Republican Presidential nomination that will receive most attention. And yet the Taft "boom" is not of the same character as the "booms" for aspirants like Shaw and Fairbanks. It is not a thing of deals and cunning manipulation, but is based on the general and hearty admiration that is found on every hand for Mr. Taft and his services. It may be that this country will be as unable to find a man capable of carrying on his work in Cuba as it has been thus far to find a governor able to fill his shoes in the Philippines. Even in the strongest Democratic opposition to some of the policies he favors, there is never a note of the bitter or vindictive. He is cartooned by the opposition press in a vein of friendly banter, as hastening from place to place with the "lid" ready to be clapped over any centre of disturbance and held down with his own ponderous bulk. The big, sane, straightforward Secretary has made a place for himself in our public life which has no exact counterpart in our history.

An economic event, of possibly great importance, has occurred in the granting to the United States Steel Corporation of perpetual control of the Great Northern Railway's iron ore lands. In financial circles, the real significance of this contract has been lost to sight through Wall Street's feverish anxiety to know if it would not "boom" the stocks concerned. As to the bearing of this contract on the steel and iron trade of the future, little has yet been said. Yet this phase of the matter is singularly interesting. It is not known exactly how much iron ore lies in the property. Officers of the Steel Corporation, however, make no secret of their belief that this is the last large supply of iron ore available in this country. If this be true, the Corporation has taken a long step towards virtual monopoly. The railway does not sell the ore lands, but merely leases them on royalty. But the noteworthy feature of the contract is that the royalty for the coming year—a price relatively high—is to be advanced regularly with every succeeding year. Moreover, this increase, to be recovered, presumably, in the selling price of steel and iron, is pledged in the face of a further agreement that the amount of Great Northern ore to be mined and used by the Steel Corporation is to increase three-quarters of a million tons per annum during the next ten years. The parties in interest say, of course, that their contract merely recognizes the probable relation of supply and demand. But, under these circumstances, can iron producers seriously ask retention in our tariff schedules of the $4 per ton duty on pig iron, not to mention the utterly absurd tax of 40 cents per ton on iron ore—a tax amounting to nearly 50 per cent. of the basic price to be paid by the Steel Corporation to the Great Northern? Granting the outlook to be exactly what the Steel Corporation's experts say, the plain fact is that these "protective" taxes operate with increasing rigor to protect the Steel Trust, not only against the foreign iron-producer, but against all competitors at home.

The American Protective Tariff League, of which our dear friend Wilbur F. Wakeman is the moving spirit, is flying a flag of distress. Mr. Wakeman, in his circular letters, paints a gloomy picture. "The situation throughout the country," he assures us, "is unfavorable to Republican success." He predicts "a serious slump in the vote," so serious that "the best judges concede a loss of some forty Congressmen, which would make a difference of eighty." Mr. Wakeman heaps up the agony: "If we lose forty Congressmen (conceded) there is no telling where the losses will stop." What is the moral of this tale of woe? Send your money to the American Protective Tariff League, which is the one bulwark between us and ruin. On account of limited funds, this benevolent organization is "simply holding up work in many States." The case of Indiana is particularly pathetic. The Republican State Committee has sent a list of "ten thousand first voters with a request for at least six mailings of our documents at the earliest possible date." And for want of a few thousand dollars this flower of Indiana's youth may remain uninstructed in the glorious principles of protection. Mr. Wakeman's circulars, we are pained to observe, are being sent to corporations. The managers of the Republican campaign have professed a desire for single dollars from

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plain citizens and humble toilers; they have recoiled from the thought of soiling their fingers with the tainted money of corporations. But Mr. Wakeman reasons, and justly, that if the corporations do not subscribe to carry on the propaganda of protection, no one will. If a few other subsidiary organizations like the American Protective Tariff League should enter the field, solicit contributions from corporations, and use the money for the benefit of the Republican party, the result would be exactly the same as if the party were—as it has been in the past—in direct partnership with the corporations. They drop their pennies in the slot and in return they are privileged to write the tariff schedules.

The report submitted to the New York Chamber of Commerce last week, by its special committee on currency reform, gives a lucid and temperate exposition of the weaknesses of our present banknote system. For remedies the committee makes two distinct alternative recommendations. First, it advises that a central bank of issue be created, similar to the Bank of France or Germany; that this bank be owned partly by other banks and partly by the Government, but controlled by Government appointees; that it deal exclusively with banks, and perform the functions of issuing currency, holding public deposits, and otherwise acting as agent for the Government. As an alternative plan, the committee advises that national banks continue to issue bond-secured currency up to 50 per cent. of their capital, but that additional notes, up to 35 per cent. of capital, may be issued, subject to a graduated tax, which is to rise from 2 to 6 per cent., according to the ratio of outstanding notes to capital stock. A central bank of issue has long been conceded to be a political impossibility in this country. The public has always shown, and we believe will continue to show, unwillingness to intrust to a single body of men such power. The committee's proposal as to additional note circulation, based on assets alone and taxed progressively so as to insure early redemption when the need for the added currency disappeared, may be said to occupy middle ground between the simon-pure asset currency plan and that of a taxed "emergency circulation" set forth by Secretary Shaw. It has the advantage of providing an effective brake on actual inflation of banknote currency. Whether the complications arising from the "harvest demand" and from the glutting of Wall Street, in dull seasons, with reserve money of interior banks, would be disposed of under the new proposal, is a question more difficult to answer.

The extraordinary actions of the Mutual Life directors, in their effort to force the company's agents to electioneer for the administration ticket, show that these gentlemen still fail to comprehend what a mutual life insurance company is. President Peabody assures the protesting agents that no coercion is intended. The agents refer him to the circular sent to them over the president's own signature, warning them that "all persons connected with the company are called upon to sustain the administration ticket wholly and unreservedly." No one will wonder that this performance should arouse, both among the agents and in the mind of the general public, intense indignation. In Michigan, the Mutual policyholders' committee, who have quite as ready access as Mr. Peabody himself to the facts of the controversy with the Mutual's agent at Detroit, have passed resolutions which "condemn in the strongest possible manner the brazen way in which an attempt has been made to coerce Mr. Paige." What right have the trustees of a mutual life insurance company to require in their own behalf the electioneering service of the general agents? Mr. Peabody and his friends appear to have overlooked the little fact that the policyholders own the company and have a right to choose their own management freely and unreservedly, and that for a management in power to use the machinery of the company for a personal canvass in its own behalf is a gross outrage.

Professor Hinckley Gilbert Mitchell has escaped a trial for heresy by the Central New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. According to the dispatches, he gets off on a technicality—the charges were not drawn legally—and he may at some future time be brought to the bar. The pursuit of Professor Mitchell by a few professional heresy-hunters of the sect has troubled the more liberal Methodists. He is now a man of sixty, a graduate of Wesleyan University at Middletown, of the Theological School of Boston University, and he holds a doctorate from Leipzig. He has been director of the American School for Oriental Study and Research in Palestine, and he has written half-a-dozen books on questions of Old Testament criticism. This is a creditable record, and the trustees of Boston University recognized it by appointing him to the chair of Semitic languages. The term for this appointment is five years; and when his last term expired in 1905, the trustees reëlected him. But here the bishops of the Methodist Church stepped in, with their right to veto an appointment to a theological chair, and laid a ban on Professor Mitchell. The trustees, after vainly trying to get the bishops to reconsider their decision, had to yield. The people who succeeded in driving Professor Mitchell from Boston University are now trying to force him out of the Church. Their argument is that if he is too heretical to teach he is too heretical to preach; that a church which, through its bishops, demands narrowness and ignorance in its theological professors may reasonably seek the same qualities in its ministers.

Wizards and sorcerers still play a part at the courts of despotic princes. A sorcerer in Tangier, encouraged and supported by the Sultan, has been stirring up "anti-European sentiment" among the natives. The representative of a German firm was dragged off his mule and forced to go barefoot, and the German Consular Agent was attacked with impunity. This almost recalls the Egyptian magi. The fanatic who has gained control in Tangier is said to have acquired an astonishing control over the Sultan. The same kind of troublesome person, who has a like baneful effect upon governors, mayors, and lesser potentates, is found in Western countries. But here his power is known, not as sorcery, but as "influence." And among us it has never been necessary to call in magic as an explanation of "anti-European sentiment."

The split in the English Labor Party now announced is by no means unexpected. Efforts were made during the recent Trade Union Congress to conceal the fact that there was a widening breach within the ranks, but to no avail. To those visionaries who have worried lest the Labor Party have a majority in Parliament within the next few years, experienced politicians have replied that the new party must first stand the test of a single Parliament. This it has now failed to do, for, after a single session, it has divided into two camps—the Socialists, under the lead of Keir Hardie, and the Liberals, under John Burns. This is precisely in keeping with the history of similar movements. The inability of labor leaders to agree for long or to act harmoniously for any length of time, is a genuine stumbling-block in the way of their achieving political power. Mutual jealousy has wrecked more than one such undertaking. Indeed, there are already persistent rumors that some of our labor men are sorely vexed with Mr. Gompers for his incursion into politics. In England, the labor men are not only divided over the proper attitude of the Labor members of Parliament towards the party in power, but are harassed by the expense of supporting their representatives at St. Stephens's and by the heavy cost of keeping up a political organization.

The project of boring a tunnel under

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the English Channel has once more been resurrected, and special efforts are to be made to get a bill through Parliament at its next session. The idea was originally proposed one hundred years ago by a French engineer, Mathieu, but practical plans were not laid before the public until 1867, when companies were formed both in England and in France. Hitherto, whenever the scheme has been mooted, the fear of a French invasion has been invoked to defeat it, even though a small supply of dynamite would make it impossible to use the tunnel five minutes after the declaration of war. Curiously enough, this dread of France still persists, and finds expression even in so staid a journal as the *Spectator*, which gravely contends that the construction of a tunnel would seriously weaken England's insular position. The Channel, it appears, is a moat, and "you do not strengthen your defence by running a passage under the moat." In other words, a fantastic military danger is again being used to delay what would be a great blessing to commerce and humanity. Still another absurd objection is that such a tunnel "would lead to recurrent national panics," hardly a tribute to the stability of the English character. On the practical side, it is estimated that it would cost only $50,000,000 to build the tunnel. Bills similar to the one now proposed have been rejected eight times since 1882—the last time in 1893.

Americans are in the habit of thinking of London as having the worst slums in Europe, but it seems that it is really Liverpool which deserves that distinction. Dr. E. M. Hope, the health officer of that city, declares that there is not "a city in this country, nay, in Europe, which can produce anything like the squalor that we find in some of the back streets in Liverpool." He says that this is almost entirely due to drink, and, speaking of the Hornby Street area, known particularly for its wretchedness, he affirms that it has been proved beyond question that the poor creatures in that small quarter spend twenty-five thousand dollars a year in drink. The surprising thing about this statement is that the problem of the housing of the working classes has long engaged municipal attention in Liverpool with remarkable results, so that other cities have even regarded it as a pioneer whose methods must be studied with care. As a result, the Liverpool slums, bad as they still are, have been greatly decreased in area. Side by side with the purchase and destruction of unsanitary property has gone the erection of new buildings, while the number of public houses has steadily diminished. During the last ten years, the municipality has spent $1,500,000 in building model cottages and tenements, and over $2,000,000 in buying up and tearing down houses which are a menace to health.

The day seems to be approaching when men will dread wealth as they now dread sickness or insanity, and when to be fashionable will be considered criminal. The clergy are everywhere declaiming against "smart" sets, so that it is coming to be thought rather smart to be denounced from the pulpit. At the last annual Church Congress in England, the Bishop of Durham spoke of the misery of the rich. The Seven Dials and Whitechapel are no longer the centres of wretchedness, but the place to witness suffering is in the heart of fashionable London. The Bishop recommended that his hearers "take a station at Hyde Park corner near enough to the endless string of carriages to get a good look beneath the picture hats." Evidences of discontent and unhappiness would be found on the "joyless faces" of these outwardly fortunate people. As Schopenhauer remarked, there are only two forms of unhappiness: the pain of unsatisfied and the *ennui* of satisfied desire. Most people prefer the latter to the former. But the Bishop was laboring under a mistake often made by those unfamiliar with the ways of the rich and of their associates. In the smartest set, there is no sign of ill breeding more pronounced than the betrayal of a happy state of mind. The "joyless face" of a really smart person is the outward and visible sign of an inward beatitude. It has been frequently observed that a thoroughgoing Epicurean will end by being a Stoic.

Archdeacon Colley, an adventuresome but credulous Englishman, now has cause to be skeptical concerning the spirit world. He offered Maskelyne, the magician, £1,000 if the latter would reproduce by trickery certain supposed spiritualistic phenomena. Maskelyne accepted the challenge and reproduced such a celestial visitant as had been designated. "A most attractive young lady" emerged from the smoke which filled the room. Such a phenomenon, if natural, no doubt has its value, although £1,000 is rather a high price to pay; yet if supernatural it would be worth little more. When an endowment for the proposed Institute for Psychical Research shall have been secured, it might be well to set aside a sum for the production of séances like that given by Maskelyne. It would be more costly but much more expeditious than the old way of waiting for spirits which do not materialize, and rappings which perplex and discomfit. The advantage of an artificial apparition is that it comes when wanted, and really says and does things. It is to be regretted that we in America have no Archdeacon Colleys, to tempt the magicians into duplicating the wonderful revelations vouchsafed to Mrs. Piper. They would be a "drawing feature" for an enterprising manager.

The degree of honor in which the memory of Herbert Spencer should be held is not a point on which Englishmen are of one mind. Since the Dean of Westminster rejected the proposal to erect a monument to the philosopher in the Abbey, several plans have been advocated for some national recognition of Spencer's services to speculation and science. In favor of such recognition are a number of eminent investigators, among them Bastian, Foster, and Francis Galton. But Lockyer, the astronomer, has opposed any subscription for such a purpose, and Lord Kelvin writes: "I have never been of the opinion that the philosophical writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer had the value or importance which have been attributed to them by many writers of high distinction. In my opinion, a national memorial would be unsuitable." Some have suggested that an appropriate memorial to Spencer would be the founding of certain lectureships or scholarships to awaken scientific interest and to encourage scientific research. English universities were comparatively hospitable to the radical thought of John Stuart Mill, but have shown little enthusiasm for Herbert Spencer's philosophy. Yet we know that Taine ranked Spencer with Mill. And Huxley, who often laughed at the absurd in Spencer, still had the highest admiration for his philosophic gifts and attainments.

A discussion is now being carried on in France, like the debate among Greek cities as to the place of Homer's birth. There is a question whether the late Victor Cherbuliez was French or Swiss. Upon this important point, two of the latest biographical dictionaries contradict each other. When the novelist was admitted to the French Academy, Renan spoke of him as coming from Le Dauphiné, and his ancestors from Le Poitou and Les Cévennes. In a eulogy pronounced after his death, Emile Faguet called him a native of Geneva, but by birth a Frenchman, because his family were refugees from France. Eugène Ritter maintains that he was a Genevan by ancestry as well as by birth. Ernest Tissot concludes from Cherbuliez's own account that the latter was of Swiss nativity, though of French ancestry, but he cites a number of passages from "Le Comte Kostia" and other romances to show that Cherbuliez was "an excellent Genevan who had none of the Swiss character." It is difficult, however, to miss in his novels that serious and sometimes sombre religious coloring which may be taken as a residuum of his early Calvinistic education and training.

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THE MAKING OF A "POGROM."

Why should people engaging in freeing themselves from a despotic yoke turn aside from their quest of liberty to engage in horrible massacres of unoffending Jews? This question has been asked everywhere. Documents are now coming out of Russia which throw much light upon the genesis of the "pogroms" that have succeeded one another with appalling rapidity. In the first place, the Government, and not the people, of Russia, is responsible for the outrages. It has been proved beyond dispute that most of them have been started, and deliberately, by soldiers or police under the orders of their superior officers. Yet there has been no stirring protest from the masses of the Russian people; the occurrence of pogroms is not one of the indictments of the Imperial Government which are daily increasing the ranks of the Terrorists, and even making assassins of young girls of refinement and education. A reason for this condition of affairs, aside from the usual antagonism of the adherent of the Russian Church to the Jew, is that the reactionaries, with devilish ingenuity, have deceived the public as to the actual attitude of the Jews by means of false rumors or forged documents.

The Berlin *Tageblatt* has just got hold of one of the ingenious pamphlets issued by priests of the Russian Church, hundreds of thousands of copies of which, thanks to the fanatical zeal of the "True Men of Russia" and the "Black Hundred," have been circulated among the troops and the populace generally. The document begins with a spurious "secret address" of the chief rabbi to the Jewish people "in regard to their general programme of life." From it we take the following extracts:

> For nineteen hundred years we have been fighting the cross, and our people have not been defeated nor have they sunk to earth; if they have scattered all over the earth it is because the whole earth must belong to them. Their power grows with every day. . . . Not, however, until we are the real masters of all the gold in the world shall we obtain the actual power we seek. The nations of the earth must be plunged into debt. . . . That is our programme. When the property of land owners has come into our possession, the labor of the Christian workmen will become for us a never ending source of wealth. We must work zealously to weaken the influence of the Christian Church, our most dangerous enemy—we must *degrade its priesthood.* Next to the gold, the press is our most important objective; we must in all nations be at the head of the newspapers. We must . . . fire the masses to revolution, in order that they may destroy themselves.

Stupid and clumsy as this forgery reads, it is none the less reported by trustworthy Russians to have had an incredible effect in inflaming the soldiery and the masses against the Jews. The untutored *mujik* swears, of course, that these "secret instructions" of the chief rabbi are gospel truth. But the authors of the pamphlet add an appeal to all orthodox Christians, in which they assert that all the gold and the business of the country are in the hands of the Jews, to whom alone is to be attributed the present disorder among the Russian people; and that the demand for a constitutional assembly "in place of the Czar's splendid government" is made "in order that the Jews may rule Russia through this assembly." The time will speedily come, the pamphlet continues, when the Christians will have to pay the Jews in order to enter their own churches. There was a period when all their temples were mortgaged to the Jews. Shall it come again? "In the name of the Saviour, let us drive these enemies of the Czar and our Lord from among us!"

When a leaflet like this has been carefully distributed, as was done in Warsaw recently—a "pogrom" has been expected there for weeks past—the next thing is to start the story that the Jews have resorted to arms, and are attacking populace and troops. This falsehood is persisted in, even when the "pogrom" is over. Thus, in the official report of the Siedlce massacre, there is the same old official lie that the Jews fired from their houses upon military patrols, who, of course, were bound to defend themselves. The St. Petersburg press even went so far as to fasten upon one dead Jew, Wassiliew, the responsibility for firing the first shot. But, according to the reports of the Reuter Bureau, officers of the garrison had brought their wives to the leading hotels for the night for greater safety, knowing full well that the "pogrom" was at hand. The artillerymen, who subsequently demolished many houses, stated frankly that they had been instructed in advance as to their duties and just how far they might carry their plundering and robbery. The first individual shots came from the police, and were followed almost immediately by volleys fired by full companies of infantry. Then came atrocities of the most terrible description. Men, women, and children were beaten and stabbed and robbed before being butchered.

Depressing as all this is in its revelation of the ease with which "pogroms" may be set on foot, it is, on the other hand, encouraging to have the causes laid bare and to realize that the massacres are due to passing incitement rather than to long-smouldering passions. When the triumph of the revolution comes, it is inconceivable that clergy or officialdom will be permitted to massacre in the hope either of reinstating a despotic Government or of rousing religious antagonisms.

TRAINING FOR BUSINESS.

Writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the subject of commercial education, M. Jacques Siegfried gives to our American "business colleges" an importance not generally conceded on this side of the Atlantic. Nothing, he says, so astonished him during his visit to the United States in 1860 as the eight or ten schools of the type of Packard's and Bryant and Stratton's, which he then found in operation. He marvelled at the rapidity with which good business men and women were turned out of these mills, and he assigns to them much credit for the originality of business methods for which this country is celebrated. Since 1860, as he points out, there have been great advances, and he now notes that there are fully a dozen faculties of genuine colleges or universities devoting themselves to commercial education.

But whether success in commerce is due to commercial training or whether the training is a result of the success is an open question, long warmly debated. Frank A. Vanderlip, the New York banker, sees in Germany's remarkably homogeneous system of business education the explanation of her industrial and commercial progress. On the contrary, as far back as 1897, a British Foreign Office report declared that Germany's commercial training was the result of her great industrial advance. The writer was able to show, in defence of his theory, that in 1889 commercial education was at a low ebb. Since that time German foreign trade has more than doubled, and in the train of this increase has come the enormous growth of the commercial schools. These, by the way, were known in Berlin as long ago as the eighteenth century. At present, according to a recent writer in the *North American Review*, there are within the Kaiser's Empire 9 technical high schools, 4 mining academies, 4 commercial high schools, and 587 middle and lower grade industrial, technical, and commercial schools. No less than 297 of these schools are in Prussia; of the commercial type there are fully 64 in Saxony alone. This extraordinary showing—surpassed only by Belgium's—is not, as might have been expected, due to a paternalistic government, long eagerly engaged in over-sea colonial ventures in search of trade, but to private initiative, as in this country, or to the various municipalities.

For years a "German Society for Commercial Education" has carried on a vigorous propaganda. To it is partly due one notable result—the joining of business men in an effort to capture foreign markets. To this movement the commercial schools have very naturally contributed. That these schools bear evidence of the characteristic German thoroughness is only to be expected. In

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this field Germans must be thorough if they would overcome their natural disadvantages. They have no such rich gifts of nature as this country, no wealth of raw material, no vast domestic market upon which to base their foreign conquests. They have had to fall back upon their wits, and literally must make something out of every blade of grass. There has been no weakening of literary and scientific teaching, no commercializing of education in general. Yet the business high schools are generally admitted to have accomplished more than either their numerous critics or their advocates had dared to hope. With praiseworthy flexibility they have been quick to adapt themselves to changing conditions and to unforeseen needs.

The new high school just opened in Berlin, for instance, has learned a lesson from the weaknesses of the older institutions. Thus it has established special faculties in particular fields, introduced practical exercises, and subordinated purely theoretical teaching. The Cologne high school, because of its geographical position, leans towards industrial questions; that at Berlin is more strictly commercial. Yet its two-year course is meant not to be a substitute for practical business training, but a rounding out of the knowledge thus acquired, a deepening and broadening of the student's general culture, together with an increase of his special or technical acquirements. Its discipline is, in brief, a recognition of what may be called the scientific needs of the modern merchant. On the social side the effort will be to find a middle path, which will prevent students from aping the manners and customs of the university students, and at the same time avoid the frankly commercial fashion.

Fortunately for us in this country, such questions do not vex student or teacher. Our commercial colleges are, however, face to face with the problem of the extent to which the practical training shall be carried. Must they adopt the laboratory system of the historical and other seminars, and establish miniature stock and produce exchanges, banking houses, with "tickers" as part of the stage setting? To our mind, the very best schooling for the American business man is still that training which will enable him to concentrate his mind upon whatever problem he has in hand. In so far it does not differ from the aim of the good old-fashioned classical teaching. What the business man needs, also, is sound drill in economics and finance, the laws of trade, and the economic policy of the Government since its origin. To this foundation should be added as much specialized learning of a practical character as may be acquired in a two or three years' course. Most of all, the American "hustler" of the future ought to know a great deal more about foreign nations and their methods, lest the charge of narrowness should more than ever lie against him.

SUNDAY READING.

Principal Caird many years ago contributed a series of articles to *Good Words* under the general title of "Essays for Sunday Reading." These, at the request of several Scottish booksellers, have been reprinted in book form, and will be published on October 2 by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, who inform us that the first edition has already been oversubscribed, and that a second impression is now being prepared.—[London *Athenæum*.

In speaking of Bunyan a few weeks since we ventured the opinion that the writings of the great allegorist are less read than they were a generation ago, partly because the old distinction between "Sunday" reading and that which is appropriate for week days is disappearing. "Pilgrim's Progress" used to be the nearest approach to a story of adventure that well-brought-up children were allowed to look at on Sunday. If we may believe a recent London critic, who joins us in lamenting the declining popularity of Bunyan, England, as well as America, is falling away from the old tradition. It is significant that Macmillan used to publish a "Sunday Library," containing such works as Mrs. Oliphant's "St. Francis of Assisi," and Charles Kingsley's "The Hermits"; but though many of the volumes are still in print, the special classification has been given up, probably as of no commercial value. In Scotland, however, as the note in the *Athenæum* indicates, religion is still a serious business. The descendants of the Covenanters, who are not to be blown about by every wind of doctrine, eagerly buy books for Sunday.

The line between sacred and secular literature was often, of course, illogically drawn. No one can have any doubt about Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying." The worthy Mr. Tulliver himself used to read in them "often of a Sunday." Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest," Jay's "Mornings with Jesus," and Kitto's "Pictorial Sunday Book" carry conviction in their titles. Todd's "Lectures to Children" would also pass the severest censor. But fiction offered difficult problems to judicious parents. Some fathers cut the knot by forbidding all works of imagination except "Pilgrim's Progress"; others temporized and admitted the churchly and impeccable Miss Yonge. From Miss Yonge it was an easy step to Martha Finley's innumerable "Elsie Books," and thence to Louisa M. Alcott. The "Elsie Books," indeed, with their positively offensive piety, are far less wholesome for any day of the week than the stories of Miss Alcott.

The growth of the Sunday-school library brought fresh complications. The books in these collections frequently bore the imprint of a denominational publishing house; they had passed the scrutiny of the pastor, the superintendent, and a committee of the primmest Sunday-school teachers. Who, then, could object to the tales which the children joyfully brought home from the "liberry"? Yet we have known Sunday-school libraries to possess complete sets of "Oliver Optic" and "Harry Castlemon." If you make a place for these lively narratives, you have practically ceased to discriminate.

The obstacles to consistent practice do not, however, explain our abandonment of Sunday reading. We follow the line of least resistance and read the first thing that comes to hand. Men who profess to have outgrown any edification from sermons devote Sunday to an orgy of sensational or vapid articles. Not content with secularizing Sunday, they insist on vulgarizing it. At present the souls of young and old are refreshed and uplifted before church (or golf) by the antics of Buster Brown, the Katzenjammer Kids and Foxy Grandpa. The rest of the week we batten on the newspapers and the cheap magazines. Our fathers' rule was good reading for the week and the best for Sunday; ours is bad reading for the week and the worst for Sunday. For most of us, then, nothing could be more wholesome than the revival of a valid distinction between Sunday and other reading. There is no reason in the nature of things why we should demoralize ourselves with trashy books and periodicals from Monday to Saturday; but, if we must indulge in such mental dissipation, and if we must skim the newspapers on the way to and from business, we may at least on Sunday allot a little time to books that are worth while. These books need not be religious, if we are superior to religion; they can at any rate have some permanent value. They can suggest to us something beyond the routine of our shop, something that does not furnish a shrieking headline, some vision of the ideal.

A famous New England divine—long since gone to his reward—used to tell of his boyhood in which his Sunday reading was strictly confined to the Bible and the Catechism. Now the Catechism, we grant, is not a book of positive charm; and yet much depends upon associations. This lad was wont to sit during warm June afternoons by an open window through which came the fragrance of roses from the garden below. The result was that even in his old age that searching question as to the whole duty of man, and the terrible threats against the unregenerate, who are "made liable to all miseries in this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell forever"—these thunders from Sinai

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always recalled to his memory the soft airs of early summer, its brilliant verdure, and the odor of the flowers. We doubt, however, whether the kindliest air and the most brilliant blossoms can ever sanctify such reading as most of us now do on Sunday, or, on the other hand, can turn our minds from the shabby, sordid page to meditations on time and eternity.

THE ARTISTIC UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

A foreign dispatch describes a collection of stolen masterpieces which is shortly to be sold in this city. Everything in the story is vague except that these paintings all have a pedigree into which fraud or larceny has entered. The tale all has the fine full flavor of the detective novel, and collectors will possibly take the news more sedately than laymen. There are, indeed, few amateurs who are not familiar with the mysterious person who possesses the sole authentic original of a Raphael or Titian supposedly in the Uffizi or Prado. This person, if he does not say "hist" like the villain of melodrama, at least looks as if he could unfold a variegated chronicle of crime. His picture, however, rarely does credit to its dubious past. Such experiences put collectors on their guard against stolen sweets at a bargain; and the present romance will, among initiates, hardly provoke any excitement.

In spite of such reasonable skepticism, there actually is an underground railroad where the artistic freight is at times of consequence. Through the ignorance of amateurs and the trickiness of dealers, copies are constantly circulated as originals. But this again produces a curious reaction, by which the originals become discredited and may actually be rejected in favor of copies and the like. There are many opportunities for such substitution. Only the other day we read that a Titian in the Royal Palace at Venice had disappeared, being replaced by an imitation. Presumably, it was under repair. The restorer's shop is the natural place for such frauds. One recalls the British collector who, sending a famous Rubens to be cleaned, for better security put many seals upon the back of the panel. In due time he received the picture again with the seals intact, only to be informed by a connoisseur that it was a modern copy. The unlucky amateur protested the impossibility of such a thing, but an examination of the panel showed that it was but half its former thickness. It had been sawn in two and the copy executed upon the back without disturbing the seals. Prompt complaint at the restorer's procured an exchange, but the owner may be pardoned if he still has misgivings as to his Rubens. Suppose two copies had been made to provide for this very contingency!

Such an incident shows how well-known masterpieces might be shunted to the underground railroad. For one substitution that is detected, many must be carried off successfully. Evidently also such acquisitions must be marketed with discretion. It would not have done, for example, to sell the real Rubens to a neighbor of its former possessor. To see the process in full blast one need not go far. There are American dealers who, securing a good picture, say an example of the latest fad, Schreyer, distribute copies of it here and there. When the game has gone far enough, they sell the original also, and the discovery of half-a-dozen versions of the same picture brings the value of the entire group down. It is fair to add that such dealers usually redeem their spurious output when brought to book. The game is not worth a law-suit. The law, in fact, is almost impotent in such a case. It is not a crime to copy a picture, nor to mistake a copy for an original. Fraud may fairly be inferred at every stage of the transaction, but it apparently applies technically only to the painter who forges the signature, and he can never be found. Up to that point your copy is an honest thing; beyond it the most able dealer may be honestly deceived; it all makes freight for the underground road.

And the foibles even of skilful amateurs go to aid this traffic. One may recall the whimsical fate that befell a great Parisian collector who deliberately exchanged a fine Rembrandt for a copy. He really owned the original, but a casual hint from a connoisseur that the original was in England so far perturbed the Frenchman that he rushed to London and bought the supposed original at what seemed to be a bargain. At this point a benevolent dealer intervened and offered to take the putative copy off his hands. Shortly after the sale had been effected, the connoisseur changed his mind. He had seen the English Rembrandt in a bad light; it was the copy, after all. Meanwhile, the authentic Rembrandt had passed at a great price into an American gallery, where it hangs as a monument to the enlightened benevolence of a famous Parisian dealer. The copy is an embarrassing possession in the hands of its late owner's executors. It should bear a tablet memorializing the fallibility of connoisseurship and the subtle perils of amateurism.

One might multiply examples which illustrate the ease with which copies and originals may be confused. The business is, in the nature of the case, of an individual sort, and we have no reason to suppose that any number of the submerged masterpieces are coming over in a single consignment. Somebody might ask why no notice has been taken of actual thefts, a number of which are matter of record. Simply because very few pictures disappear in this crude fashion. The clever substitution of a copy is in every way safer and neater. In this way the original may be sold repeatedly, being used merely to flatter the purchaser's eye, while a copy is packed and shipped. Of course, there is the famous case of "The Stolen Duchess," by Gainsborough. But knowing students of that romance suspect that the spectacular theft may have been no more real than the picture itself, which is only a plausible old copy. No such work ever had so splendid an advertisement; but the authorities of the underground railroad have never been the enemies of a discreet publicity.

ADELAIDE RISTORI.

It was a rich, full, and eventful life which ended when Adelaide Ristori drew her last breath on Tuesday. Happier than many of her profession, she survived to enjoy for many years the fame, the wealth, and the esteem which she had acquired by long and arduous labor. Almost a century has slipped away, and the world, as well as the theatre, has changed in many ways, since she first saw the footlights as an infant in arms in 1821. She was born in what old English-speaking playgoers would call the palmy days of the Italian stage, when Modena and Marchionni were at the height of their fame, and the richest artistic rewards were still to be gained in high tragedy and classic comedy. In Italy, indeed, the great dramatists still exert a large if in some degree a diminishing influence. They have not been abandoned, as in England and this country, for the unclean or puerile imaginings of the commercial playwright; and consequently in that favored country there is, even with Ristori and Rossi dead and Salvini in practical retirement, a rising generation of actors not unworthy to sustain the traditions of the past.

There can be no doubt that Ristori was possessed of rare histrionic genius; but it may be questioned whether, even in her youthful prime, she ever soared to those supreme heights of pathos or passion which, in moments of inspiration, have been reached by such players as Garrick, Edmund Kean, Mrs. Siddons, Salvini, Duse, or Rachel. We have the valuable testimony of at least one capable contemporary witness on this point, that of the venerable Sir Theodore Martin, who saw both Rachel and Ristori at their best, and who does not hesitate to declare the Frenchwoman by far the more powerful actress of the two. But the genius of Rachel was almost wholly tragic, whereas the range of Ristori in her younger days embraced all that was

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best in Italian classic drama. She was a mistress of refined comedy as well as a potent interpreter of solemn or tempestuous emotions. Like all the great players of the older school, she passed through a long and exacting novitiate, appearing in an interminable succession of minor characters of all kinds, until she had mastered not only all the rudiments, but all the resources and graces, of her profession. Nature, it must be granted, had been most beneficent to her, having endowed her with a countenance of most regular, expressive, and dignified beauty, an imposing stature, and a form of singular grace and majesty. But for her nobility of carriage, her eloquent, but never exuberant, gesture, her mobility of facial expression, her superb utterance, and the vocal control which enabled her to roll forth declamatory verse with an extraordinary and musical sonority, or give the choicest effects of humor to playful or satirical passages—for these accomplishments she was indebted to the constant practice in stock companies, which could only avoid starvation by almost daily changes of programme.

It is only the older generation of playgoers who will remember Ristori as she was when she last appeared in this city. Her powers then were beginning to decline. Some of the ancient fire was lacking, and neither zeal nor inspiration was always present to conceal completely the formalism of her style. But what an artist she was! With what authority and decision—with what clearness of purpose and certainty of execution—she spoke and moved! With what adroitness she could, upon occasion, make perfect mechanism assume the aspect of living and spontaneous intelligence! One of her famous scenes was in the "Elizabeth," of Giacometti, in which the Virgin Queen dictates two different letters, in alternate sentences, to two of her secretaries, while carrying on a conversation with her courtiers. She did all this with so striking an assumption of regal and intellectual power, that her audiences were entirely oblivious of such prosaic facts as prompters and cues, and gave her personal credit for achieving a mental feat of enormous difficulty. The scene always was followed by a round of rapturous applause.

In her famous parts of Medea (Legouvé's), Mary Stuart, Elizabeth, Myrrha, Marie Antoinette, etc., she prevailed as much by her romantic fervor and charm as by her purely tragic power. Her methods were more ornate than those of the rigid French classicists, and it was this fact that tended to accentuate the bitterness of the rivalry between herself and Rachel. She was wise, probably, in declining the high honor of admission to the Théâtre Français, offered by the French Government, for she would have found herself cribbed, cabined and confined by many of the regulations and restrictions of the House of Molière. It was her own ambition, she professed, to effect a union of the two styles, the classic and romantic, but that was scarcely feasible. She belonged essentially to the romantic school. She was not entirely satisfied, it is said, with her reception in this country. Her triumphs all over Europe and the impressionable Latin colonies of South America had made her exacting in the matter of enthusiasm. Applauded though she was here, she found us cold, and ascribed the chill to our lack of taste. When Salvini was leaving Italy for New York she is said to have remarked to him: "Give 'em comedy, Tommy. They won't listen to your tragedy." So Salvini played the feeble "David Garrick," making it seem a masterpiece, and failed dismally. His Othello quickly justified American taste, but it had more in it than Ristori ever had to give.

She was, however, a very great actress and artist, who did much for the glory of the Italian stage, which she advertised the world over. She may be said, perhaps, to have been the connecting link between the old school of Modena and his predecessors, and the later school, of which Duse is so brilliant an example.

LITERARY NOTES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, October 1.

Among the centennial memories of the year is the beginning of Goethe's lasting reverence for Napoleon—all the more interesting to us as the rising religion of Nietzsche unites the two as Supermen. Dr. Stephen Kekulé von Stradonitz, in the *National Zeitung*, publishes the new letters, and Prof. Andreas Fischer, a Swiss, devotes a book (in German) to "Goethe und Napoleon."

When Goethe finally met Napoleon in person he said: "Here's a man!" The letters now published date from 1808, when Napoleon made Goethe chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and 1818, when the restored Bourbon promoted him to be officer of the Legion. Goethe evidently sympathized with the downfall of Prussia, whose destiny to him at least was not manifest; and he spoke currently of "Napoleon, the *phenomenon*," "*compendium* of the world," "the greatest intellect the world has ever known," "leading the most marvellous of heroes' lives." When all was over in 1815 he said—"Faust started up in my mind the ideas which I had and still have about Napoleon." In 1828 he still said: "See what a man Napoleon was. His life was a demigod's march from battle to battle, from victory to victory—it is impossible for us to imitate him." And in the last year of his life he answered to patriotic criticism: "Let my Emperor alone!"

Frédéric Masson of the French Academy continues his series, interminable but of intense human interest, of Napoleonic studies, by a second "Jadis" (Old Times). Like the first, it has a variety of odds and ends that did not fit into the heavier volumes—Napoleon and Women, Napoleon on Horseback (it seems he rode badly), and so on. The author, who has devoted his life to the minute elucidation of his subject, says very sincerely by way of preface:

> The Napoleon idea is not one you can take up and put aside at will, simply to amuse your leisure with it and embroider it with your own fancies. It is as masterful, absorbing, despotic as was the man himself. Without let or interruption it holds the mind which follows it up. It forces you to look closely at every one of the men employed by the Emperor, to scrutinize their acts, to seek out their share in the loyalty or treason of the drama. . . . I might have before me as many years as I have already lived and I would not take a single day for other studies. After the twenty volumes I have published I would publish twenty more which I have already planned out, and then yet twenty others whose titles are running through my brain. And still, in my impotence to paint him as I see him, I should despair.

The first volume of Mistral's Memoirs—"Mes Origines"—takes us back to the simple life of an old soldier of the Revolution watching reverently a son, wrapped round with university diplomas of the new order, lying back and singing like a Provençal *cicada beneath pale olive trees*. There is a boyhood glimpse of the withered crone who still chuckled to herself at memory of the days when she posed as Goddess of Reason for the Revolution-mad village. Paul Mariéton announces an "intimate" volume on Mistral, whose modesty, he says, makes his Memoirs incomplete. Even so, their interest is human as well as literary, with the aged Lamartine and young Daudet crossing their pages.

The fifth volume of the monumental complete edition of the works of Victor Hugo has just been printed at the Imprimerie Nationale. The place of Paul Meurice as editor has been taken by Gustave Simon (son of Jules Simon). He keeps to the tradition of annotating with letters, notes, and private papers, so that not only the poem, but the genesis of the verses as well, may be understood. He gives fewer rejected verses, however, than his predecessor. The new volume is entirely taken up with "La Légende des Siècles." It originally appeared in the full excitement of the war of 1859—France aiding Italy to her birth against opposing Austria. Hugo wrote to his publisher: "My books always come out at the wrong time: 'Feuilles d'Automne,' on the day of the Lyons insurrection; 'Notre Dame de Paris,' the day when the archbishopric was sacked; 'Marion de Lorme,' in a week of two riots. Purchasers had to jump over a barricade." S. D.

Correspondence.

PLEA FOR SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a member of the Simplified Spelling Board and as one who has taken the *Nation* for thirty years and written for it a great deal, I ask the privilege of replying to your editorial of October 4 on "Genuine Phonetic Spelling."

Apropos of a recent deliverance of George Bernard Shaw you make some remarks on phonetics and phoneticians, and

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then; by way of showing your readers what a funny-looking thing phonetic spelling is, you print a few lines of every-day English first in the alphabet of Henry Sweet, and then in the characters of Bell's "visible speech." Then you say:

In all seriousness, the proposals of the Simplified Spelling Board either mean a systematic advance in this direction, or they mean a purposeless and futile meddling with a language that is doing very well.

Now permit me to assure you that the proposals of the Simplified Spelling Board mean neither the one nor the other of these things. On the contrary, they are a cautious application of science and common sense to the improvement of one of our social utilities which is very much in need of improvement. Phonetic spelling such as you represent has about the same relation to this practical problem as "wanting one's daughter to marry a nigger" had to the freeing of the slaves. It is true that to spell as we pronounce is the most fundamental of all the criteria that can be scientifically applied for the purpose of deciding which way spelling ought to move. But it is not the only criterion. One of two spellings, neither of which accurately reflects pronunciation, may still be better than the other. The question may turn entirely upon the best use of existing resources. Thus the choice between "draft" and "draught," between "controller" and "comptroller" in no way involves phonetic spelling or the dream of a new alphabet. And what is true of these two words is true of the *entire three hundred* in our list.

Ideal phonetic spelling has somewhat the same relation to the practical improvement of our everyday orthography that justice has to the improvement of our laws. It gives us a large guiding principle, but it is an ideal that can never be perfectly realized. And if conceivably it were pretty nearly realized at a particular epoch, a change of conditions might, and very certainly would, require in time a resettlement. The spoken word is the fundamental thing. Spelling was invented to record speech. "Language" means "tonguiness." But as the letter is palpable and relatively permanent, while the sound is impalpable and elusive, it happens naturally and inevitably that writing lags behind speech and tends to become a record of that which was rather than of that which is. Thus arises a literary language making its appeal to the eye and differing more or less from speech; and if there is a competent phonetician in the world who objects to the existence of a literary language and would like to have all writing a meticulous transcript of speech, I do not know his name. Your castigation of such people is a castigation of men who do not exist, unless it be in asylums for the insane.

But now does it follow that every peculiarity of our conventional spelling—in the literary language, mind you—is sacrosanct because a large number of people, at a particular epoch and in a particular latitude and longitude, have become accustomed to it, so that it looks "natural"? Is spelling unique among all our social utilities in that it cannot be improved in the slightest particular by the operation of conscious intelligence? Is there no criterion more solid and scientific than the private reaction of one's own nerve-cells, which is simply a matter of visual habit? You think it dignified and beautiful to write "programme"; but teach your child to spell "program" as he spells "telegram" and "diagram," and the child will grow up without your prepossession in favor of the long anomalous form. Is there then no way of deciding between conflicting spellings? Must a man of intelligence simply follow his habit as if his habits were sacred and all equally good? When an unfamiliar spelling is proposed and begins to creep into use as an improvement, must he simply sit and wait without an opinion until the majority, moving blindly, have either adopted it or rejected it? Or is it his part to oppose everything new because it looks odd, and then, when 51 per cent. of the population have adopted it in spite of him, to go over to the majority and cling to and defend the once-hated thing because it is usage? Are majorities always right and minorities always wrong in this one sphere of human interest? Is spelling utterly beyond the reach of science and scholarship and common sense? Can a man have no opinion as to whether it is better to write "medieval" or "mediæval" without the *Nation's* saying: "Aha! you want us to adopt Bell's 'Visible Speech,' do you?"

You say the language "is doing very well" without our meddling. There is a sense in which this is true, another and more important sense in which it is not true. It is true in the sense that there is, as there always has been, an effort to improve our spelling in the direction of simplicity by dropping superfluous letters. Many hundreds of such improvements have been made, and now the whole world accepts them as improvements. No one wishes to go back to "fysshe" and "shippe" and "forreigne." But it is a mistake to suppose that these improvements made themselves by some kind of inward spontaneity and without any human effort. Men did not write "fysshe" for some generations and then suddenly discover all together that it would be better to write "fish." We have got from that which is bad to that which is better because certain persons saw the better way and set out upon it. And so it will be hereafter. Our spelling will improve slowly, and would have improved without organized effort. But it will not change itself. It will change because writers of English go ahead and adopt better forms. In other words, it will change because there will continue to be, as there always have been, spelling reformers who see the better way and have the courage to follow it. Milton was a spelling reformer, so was Tennyson; and the only essential difference between them and us is that instead of exerting our influence separately, we have banded ourselves together and undertaken a campaign of education.

In short, when you say that the language is "doing very well" without our "futile and purposeless meddling," I must call your attention to the fact that the meddling of such persons as we are is eternally and inevitably a part of what the language is "doing"; and that the meddling has not been purposeless nor futile, but has accomplished a vast amount of good.

And do you still ask why we have banded ourselves together to accelerate and guide by the light of sound scholarship an inevitable process? It is because, owing to the peculiar developments of the last hundred and fifty years, the process is not doing its natural work as rapidly as it should. The many have actually forgotten what spelling is for. They have come to think of it as something mysterious and beyond the reach of common sense or of the questioning intellect. They go to a big book to learn how to spell, and the big book merely tells them how people *do* spell, and refrains on principle from telling them how they ought to spell. So there we are, in the position of a kitten chasing its tail, with insufficient provision for rational progress. We have come to a pass in which men of letters, particularly, are apt to imagine that the dignity and beauty of the English language are bound up with each and every conventional spelling to which their eye is accustomed, even if that spelling was originally nothing but a pedantic blunder. And the worst of it is that this tenacious clinging to our anomalous spelling imposes a woful burden upon our own children.

Is it not time for men of intelligence, accustomed to act in other matters from social motives, and to regard the welfare of a long posterity as more important than their own fleeting prejudices, to try to do something for the betterment of our spelling? We cannot do everything at once, but we can make a beginning. We can try to win friends for the idea that what is simple, regular, scientific, is really better than what is complicated, anomalous, and fantastic. And we can plead, as I do now, with men of letters, scholars, journalists, not to attach too much importance to their own visual associations, and to recognize that, here as elsewhere, they have as social beings another duty which is no less important than that of following good usage, namely, the duty of helping to make bad usage better.

And if they decline to recognize this second duty, let them at least be a little more charitable to those of their fellow men who do recognize it. I have no quarrel with the man who says: "I do not like your simplified spellings. No doubt some of our spelling is bad and might well be improved. I hope and I presume that it will be changed for the better as time passes. But bad or good, I am used to it. I have learned it, it looks natural to my eye, it falls naturally from my pen. When I write I do not wish to bother my head with little matters of spelling. I decline to change my habits." Now, personally—I speak here for myself only—I have a very large sympathy for those who take this position. But let them hold this position in the liberal spirit of men able to look upon the fashion of spelling as they look upon other changing fashions. Let them not imagine that the usage they prefer because they have become accustomed to it is a necessary part of the Eternal Beauty. Let them cease to pour ridicule upon those of us who, acting solely from a sense of social duty and in the interest of the countless millions who are learning and will hereafter learn our language, are trying at some personal sacrifice to make it a little easier to learn and to remember our devious English spelling. When we propose to trim the good old ship a little, to scrape off some barnacles, and to heave overboard some useless old lumber, let them

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not raise the absurd cry that we are laying hostile hands upon the venerable craft and have no feeling for its historic identity.

CALVIN THOMAS.

Columbia University, New York, October 7.

ROWDYISM IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: None among the sons of the South, distinguished alike for scholarship and all that the South holds dear in its conception of a gentleman, is more fitted to discuss academic propriety than Professor Joynes of the University of South Carolina, whose long and honorable service in the class-room always entitles him to be heard. What he has to say about the conduct of students in the South, therefore, must have weight with those who cannot speak from personal experience there. I am interested to know, however, if the line between the Southern and Northern youth is really so marked as he implies; if, for any reason, the Southern youth naturally assumes the same point of view as the German university student regarding conduct in halls of learning, or to what extent their commendable deportment in the long line of classes that have filed in and out of Professor Joynes's lecture-room has been due to the wonderful personality of the revered teacher.

I understand Professor Paulsen, in his statement about rowdyism and its absence from the German class-room, to refer to all that kind of rough, senseless sport and unbecoming, though not necessarily evil, conduct, such as class-rushes, hazing, "setting-up" rooms, painting and placarding walls, breaking glass, throwing chalk and paper balls, boisterous laughing, loud talking, humming, and the like, which is still by no means unknown in thousands of colleges and high schools in America, particularly in classes under weak disciplinarians, but which almost *never* takes place in German universities and seldom in gymnasia, unless, perhaps, during times of political agitation and fierce dissent from the views set forth by lecturers. From childhood the German boy and girl are taught to regard the teacher as a friend; to respect and honor academic institutions and those who conduct them. Nothing could exceed the courtesy offered the German teacher by his pupil, who invariably steps aside to make way, and tips his hat at every meeting, nor the demonstration of respect and affection made by the university men and women, who rise both at the coming and going of the professor. The German student, be he ever so reprobate, never introduces rowdyism or undignified nonsense on university property. That, it seems to me, is the chief difference between the German and the American student inclined to mischief, as I have come to know them in a score of places on two continents.

J. PERRY WORDEN.

Kalamazoo College, September 28.

JAMES DE MILLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Through an oversight I only today saw Judge Russell's letter in the *Nation* of August 30th in regard to James De Mille at Halifax. I am only too willing to accept Judge Russell's correction as to the attitude of the people of Halifax toward James De Mille. My sole object in writing the letter was to arouse, if possible, some interest in the work and personality of a man for whom I have felt most sincere admiration. I had no thought of dealing at all exhaustively with his work, and for that reason did not mention either the poem to which Judge Russell refers—"Behind the Veil"—or his Rhetoric. By a happy coincidence Prof. Archibald MacMechan of Dalhousie College, Halifax, has an article on James De Mille in the September number of the *Canadian Magazine*. I could add nothing effectively to what he says as to the character of the poem, but I should like to endorse emphatically his conclusion that it is in "Behind the Veil" rather than in anything else that he wrote that we find the real De Mille. Professor MacMechan draws my attention to an error in the former letter. De Mille was forty-seven years of age at the time of his death, not forty-four. I find, also, that the alcove in Dalhousie College Library was not dedicated to De Mille by the college students, but by Professor MacMechan. I am sure it is no breach of confidence to say that Professor MacMechan, who probably is more familiar with the life and achievements of De Mille than anyone living, has been collecting material for some time for a memoir on this Canadian scholar, novelist, and poet. It is gratifying to know that the matter is in the hands of one whose judgment, knowledge, and sympathy so admirably fit him for the task.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

Ottawa, October 3.

Notes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the third fifty volumes of "Everyman's Library" as now ready. Among them are: Wesley's "Journals," in four volumes; Sir George Young's version of "Sophocles," two volumes of Percy's "Reliques," "Pitt's Orations," two of Borrow's books ("Lavengro" and "Romany Rye"), Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ," and a considerable number of the "Waverley Novels." The same firm will soon issue: "The King of Court Poets," life, work, and times of Ariosto, by E. G. Gardner; "Sidney Herbert: Lord Herbert of Lea," by Lord Stanmore, two volumes; "George Crabbe and His Times," by René Huchon; "The Shores of the Adriatic," the Italian side, by F. Hamilton Jackson, with plans and photographs; "Time and Clocks," a description of ancient and modern methods of measuring time, by H. H. Cunynghame; "Stories of the Italian Artists," from Vasari, collected and arranged by E. L. Seeley; "Egyptian Excavations," Beban el Moluk, the tomb of Queen Hâtshopsîsû (Hatasu), introduction by Theodore M. Davis; the life and monuments of the Queen by Edouard Naville; description of the finding and excavation of the tomb by Howard Carter; illustrations in color, photogravure, and collotype.

Among the autumn issues in D. C. Heath & Company's Modern Language Series are the following: Münchhausen's "Reisen und Abenteuer," edited by Prof. F. G. G. Schmidt, University of Oregon; Sudermann's "Teja," edited by Prof. R. Clyde Ford of Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti; "Wilkommen in Deutschland," a reader in German, by Prof. W. E. Mosher of Oberlin; "A German Anthology," compiled and edited by Prof. Calvin Thomas of Columbia; Racine's "Les Plaideurs," edited by Prof. C. H. C. Wright of Harvard; and "Quelques Contes des Romanciers Naturalistes," edited with notes and vocabulary by Profs. Dow and Skinner of Dartmouth. In the Belles Lettres Series of the same firm the new books will be: "The Gospel of Luke in West Saxon," edited by Prof. J. W. Bright of Johns Hopkins; "The Pearl," edited by Dr. C. G. Osgood of Princeton; "The Owl and the Nightingale," edited by Prof. J. E. Wells of Hiram College, Ohio; and a volume of "Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics," edited by Prof. F. M. Padelford of the University of Washington.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will issue this week "The Flock," an illustrated book of outdoor life in California by Mary Austin, and "Organized Democracy," by Albert Stickney.

Archibald Constable & Co. of London will bring out English editions of the "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," by Elizabeth Bisland; "The Poetry of Chaucer," by Robert K. Root, and "The Struggle for a Free Stage in London," by Watson Nicholson, all of which will be published in America this season by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Clarendon Press of Oxford (New York: Henry Frowde) announces that the following books in its "World Classics" series will be published before Christmas: "Poems by Matthew Arnold," with an introduction by A. T. Quiller-Couch; Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" and "The New Atlantis," with a preface by Professor Case; Brown's "Horæ Subsecivæ," with an introduction by Austin Dobson; George Eliot's "Silas Marner," with an introduction by Theodore Watts-Dunton; Holmes's "Professor" and "Poet at the Breakfast Table," with introductions by W. Robertson Nicoll; Leigh Hunt's "Sketches and Essays," with an introduction by R. Brimley Johnson; Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," with an introduction by Arthur Waugh; Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," with an introduction by C. K. Shorter; Scott's "Lives of the Novelists," with an introduction by Austin Dobson; "Sheridan's Plays and Poems," with an introduction by Joseph Knight; "Sophocles," the seven plays in English verse, by Lewis Campbell.

A memoir of John Baskerville, the well-known printer of the eighteenth century, will be issued from the Cambridge University Press. Materials for a life of Baskerville were collected by the late Samuel Timmins, F.S.A., of Birmingham, and given over by his literary executors to R. K. Dent, librarian of the Aston Manor Free Library. With his collaboration the present memoir has been compiled by Ralph Straus of North Kensington, who has added the bibliography.

The Royal Historical Society of England is publishing, in addition to the current volume of "Transactions," a further volume of the "Camden Miscellany," containing seventeenth century reminiscences,

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and the concluding volume of Abbot Gasquet's Premonstratensian collection.

Henry Barrett Hinckley announces that if he can get subscriptions for 500 copies of a volume which he has written, "Notes on Chaucer," he will issue the book. His commentary of 180 pages will cover somewhat more than one-third of the text of the "Canterbury Tales," to wit: the Prologue and the Tales of Knight, Nun's Priest, Pardoner, Clerk, Squire, and Franklin. Among the subjects treated are the elucidation of difficult passages; the history of science; linguistic peculiarities; literary and historical references, allusions, and parallels; the extent of Chaucer's culture, and his literary sources.

A. C. McClurg & Co. are the American publishers of a new version of "The Rubaiyat of Omar," by George Roe.

"The Mirror of the Sea," a new volume of stories by Joseph Conrad, is to be published by Harpers.

Paul Elder & Co. announce a metrical rendering of the love letters of Héloise and Abelard by Ella Costello Bennett.

Putnams have now ready two volumes of the new and attractive Knutsford edition of the works of Mrs. Gaskell, to be completed in eight. To all of these volumes Dr. A. W. Ward, master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, adds introductions giving various matters of biographical and critical interest. As the two daughters of Mrs. Gaskell have assisted him in these notes the edition has some claim to the title of "definitive."

A single volume in the Newnes-Scribner thin-paper edition contains De Quincey's "Autobiographic Sketches," "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," "The Daughter of Lebanon," and "Suspiria de Profundis." There is a good photogravure portrait of the author.

Four new volumes conclude the Scribner pocket edition of George Meredith. They contain "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," "The Amazing Marriage," "Short Stories," and "Poems."

Kipling's short story, "They," has been issued in book form by Doubleday, Page & Co. With large type and printing on only one side of the leaf, the result is a respectable little volume of eighty pages. The illustrations by F. H. Townsend are disappointing. We doubt whether any one can successfully illustrate this delicately imaginative and elusive tale. Certainly the commonplace children whom Mr. Townsend presents do not suggest the sweet and shy cretures of the House Beautiful.

Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill" has appeared in Scribner's "Outward Bound" edition of the complete works.

To be remarked in the October number of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* is the sketch, with portrait, of the late Stephen Salisbury of Worcester, Mass., and his eminently public-spirited family, now (as he died unmarried) practically extinct. Three lists also are worth mention—one, supplementary of genealogies in preparation; another, in continuance, of registered passengers from the British Isles to this country at the opening of the nineteenth century; and a third, just begun, of strangers coming to Dorchester, Mass., 1767-1789, without obtaining approbation from the town meeting to remain, as required by law. This last is curious because the majority of the "not wanted" seem entirely respectable. The present number contains the index to volume lx. of the *Register*.

Mark Twain's career as a magazine contributor covers a great many years, and collections of his shorter pieces have been made at intervals throughout that period. Nevertheless, the latest volume of the kind, "The $30,000 Bequest and Other Stories" (Harpers), though most of the sketches are recent, takes the reader back in places to the old *Argosy* days. Notice of copyright in one instance is dated 1872. Thus the story of the double entanglement occasioned by the burlesque and the real reviews of "Innocents Abroad" is found between the same covers with "Eve's Diary" and "A Double-Barrelled Detective Story." Mark Twain's longer discursive books are his best anthologies, but there is much of entertainment to be found in this collection.

A revised second edition of Dr. Robert Ostertag's "Handbook of Meat Inspection," issued by William R. Jenkins, has appeared in abundant season for the awakened interest in animal food products and their quality. The authorized translation is by Dr. Earley Vernon Wilcox, veterinary editor of the *Experiment Station Record*, while Dr. John R. Mohler, chief of the pathological division in the United States Bureau of Animal Industry, contributes an introductory sketch of the history and present status of meat inspection in America. In this the system of government inspection in the slaughter houses is praised, but some of the changes in the way of extended scope of examination suggested in the same article have actually been embodied in the new law.

The Macmillan Company has added "Coventry Patmore's Poems" to its list of standard one-volume editions, and will so bring many more readers to a poet about whom the worst to be said is that he called his chief work "The Angel in the House." An excellent photogravure portrait of Patmore shows the high arched brow of which one reads so often, and the half-humorous, half-introspective eyes. Basil Champneys contributes a biographical introduction, written in clean, sober style—a genuine addition to the volume, as it is impossible to understand the poems, especially the "Odes," without some knowledge of the writer's life. Mr. Champneys points out that "the strictures passed respectively on the earlier and later work are at first sight contradictory. Those on the 'Angel' are, for the most part, accusations of triviality or commonplace; those on the 'Odes' of a transcendental mysticism, unintelligible to the ordinary reader." It might be added that both the earlier and later works benefit considerably from being brought into close juxtaposition in a single volume. The reader is more impressed by their unity of purpose. He sees in both the same effort to marry heaven and earth: in the "Angel" to raise human spousals into a prelude and symbol of the eternal, in the "Odes" to lower the eternal down to human comprehension.

It would be a pleasure to speak well of P. Rámanáthan's series of lectures which have been published as "The Culture of the Soul Among Western Nations" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Mr. Rámanáthan, Solicitor-General of Ceylon, a gentleman eminent for his character and culture, was invited to this country last winter to lecture on religion, and the result is the present volume. Much that he says is eminently true, and there are spiritual lessons which the West may still learn from the East, but we are inclined to think that whatever profit is possible from such an interchange of ideas would come best from an honest study of India's older books and not from the present preachers of the Vedânta. We cannot but think that Mr. Rámanáthan shows more the influence of Christianity upon India than any contrary influence, when he makes the ancient faith of his land to consist primarily in *bhakti*, love. And again he seems to us to be led into doubtful paths for the sake of persuasion when he discovers in the Psalms anything akin to the Upanishads. Nevertheless, the little book may be recommended to those who wish to become acquainted with the higher religious life of present-day India. They will find little to surprise or repel them; a good deal to attract.

The Paddock lectures for 1905-1906 at the General Theological Seminary, New York, were by James Haughton Woods, instructor in philosophy at Harvard, and are now published under the title "Practice and Science of Religion" (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.). Mr. Woods pursues the comparative method in the search for the ground common to all religions, and endeavors to bring religious facts into an historical and psychological classification. He bases his argument upon the work of ethnologists such as that of the brothers Sarrasin in Ceylon and Miss Fletcher among the Sioux, and classifies religious faiths according as the judgments they imply are individual, collective, or universal and normative. Under the first division he considers primitive beliefs not strictly religious, under the second ancestral systems, and in the third he includes various forms of mysticism, of the Vedânta system and Buddhism as well as Christianity. Mr. Woods's conception of the function of religion finds expression in the following sentences:

> Our religion is the larger life we feel within us, a part of ourselves, struggling with ourselves, the perfection of ourselves, to which we may always turn with passionate interest. This larger self, seemingly within us, yet ever just beyond our reach, this it is that men have tried to represent in their conceptions of their gods.

A review of the considerable literature called forth in Germany by the 500th anniversary of the birth of Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, reveals the fact that the contribution of the American student, William Walker Rockwell, is the most important. *Festreden* and *Festschriften* have appeared in great numbers, and some valuable studies of the relation of Philip to education, particularly in the matter of the founding of the University of Marburg. The first volume of a repertorium of political archives relating to the Landgrave has been issued by the Marburg archivist, Dr. Küch (Leipzig: Hirzel). On the basis of a paragraph in this volume Köhler has sought to show that Mr. Rockwell went too far in his apology for Philip in the matter of the bigamy, but the reference is too obscure

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and uncertain to be of great weight. A thorough biography of Philip is still a desideratum, as Mr. Rockwell's study is specifically of the marriage and the relation of Luther to that question, the interest centring chiefly in Luther.

Recent discussions of the date and circumstances of origin of Luther's most famous hymn, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," seek to confirm the opinion expressed by Heine in the celebrated passage in which he calls the poem "the Marseillaise Hymn of the Reformation." Heine says, "A battle hymn was this defiant song, with which he and his comrades entered Worms (April 16, 1521). The old cathedral trembled at these new notes, and the ravens were startled in their hidden nests in the towers." Friedrich Spitta, brother of the writer on Bach, has published an elaborate monograph bearing the title of the first line of the hymn, in which he seeks to overthrow the arguments advanced against the date of 1521. No new archival matter has been discovered, and the question turns on precarious speculations as to indications in the hymn of the reformer's situation and mood. Much of Spitta's labor is expended on an endeavor to prove that the line, "Gut, Ehr, Kind, und Weib" could have come from Luther as early as 1521. A briefer essay ("Ein' Feste Burg," by H. Groessler) also agrees with Heine, and fixes upon Oppenheim as the village in which the hymn was written, and April 15, the evening before Luther's entry into Worms, as the precise time of its composition. Appeal is had to the earliest biographers, but no documentary evidence is advanced. To the suggested parallel with Luther's remark that he would enter Worms though there were as many devils there as tiles on the housetops a German critic replies, "Dagegen war die Welt für Luther immer voll Teufel." The one fixed fact in the discussion is that the celebrated hymn was first printed in 1529. The arguments of Spitta and Groessler seem to have carried some conviction, for we note a one-act drama by Nithack-Stahn entitled "Luther in Oppenheim," based especially on Groessler's hypothesis.

The centennial of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow will be celebrated on February 27 under the auspices of the Cambridge Historical Society. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton is chairman of the committee in charge, and with him are associated President Charles W. Eliot, Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, Prof. Bliss Perry, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. At the public exercises the principal address will be delivered by William Dean Howells.

An Ibsen memorial wholly in the spirit of the great dramatist is announced by his publishers, the Gyldendalske Boghandel og Nordiske Forlag of Copenhagen, in the form of a new popular edition of the works, called the "Mindeudgave" (Memorial Edition), soon to be issued in fifty parts at 30 öre a part, or not quite $4 for the whole subscription. In spite of the low price, which is only half that of the first popular edition published in celebration of the seventieth birthday of Ibsen, the mechanical execution of the work will be in keeping with the dignity of the author. A valuable feature of this new issue is the editorial supervision of Dr. Johan Storm, of the University of Christiania, which will include a careful collation of all earlier editions and the uniform use of the orthography finally chosen by Ibsen. The last play, "Naar vi döde vaagner," and several poems not printed in the preceding edition but issued separately, will be added. The publishers announce that the size of the edition will be limited to the number of advance subscriptions.

Wilhelm Raabe, the German novelist, has just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday; and the German press has been recalling with satisfaction the recognition his works have met. The wisdom they have so often contained is punningly called *Raabenweisheit*, or, literally, "Crow Wisdom."

The sale of a copy of the third edition of "The Passionate Pilgrim" in England for £2,000 has just become public, although the book actually changed hands in July or August last. The copy is the one described by Sidney Lee as belonging to John E. T. Loveday of Williamscote near Banbury. It was originally bound in rough calf, with five other rare tracts of contemporary date. The volume was recently broken up and each of the pieces bound separately. Of the first edition of "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599, two copies only are known, one in Capell's collection at Trinity College, Cambridge; the other in the Christie-Miller Library at Britwell. The title reads, "The Passionate Pilgrime. By W. Shakespeare. At London. Printed for W. Iaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey-hound in Paules Churchyard. 1599." Of the second edition no copy is known to exist, nor can the exact date be determined. Besides the copy of the third edition, which has recently changed hands, only one other is known, in Malone's collection in the Bodleian Library. The Malone copy has the title-page in duplicate, one with, the other without, Shakspere's name. The Loveday copy has this earlier title with Shakspere's name as author. From a literary point of view the book can have but scant value, though it is of great bibliographical interest. It was, of course, unauthorized, and the only portions actually by Shakspere are two sonnets (numbers 138 and 144 of the series, as published in 1609), and three excerpts from "Love's Labour's Lost." The remainder of the book was by other hands, much of it has been pretty positively identified as by Richard Barnfield. To the third edition Jaggard added from Heywood's "Troia Britanica," the translations in verse of two of Ovid's Epistles, though he still left the title page reading, "By W. Shakespeare." Heywood took offence at this and in his "Apology for Actors," published in 1612, complained of Jaggard's conduct. Probably on account of this complaint the title was reprinted and Shakspere's name omitted.

Following the example of Lord Amherst, the Duke of Sutherland has announced, through Sotheby, the sale of the Trentham Hall library on November 19. This library is extensive, but does not boast many rarities. It has, however, the scarce third folio of Shakspere and several first editions, including those of both parts of Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

The books, autographs, and book-plates of the late George M. Elwood of Rochester, N. Y., will be offered at public auction November 12 to 16 by the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city. The collection includes presentation and association books, Aldine, Elzevir, Plantin, and other early imprints; missals, old Bibles, editions of "The Dance of Death," early English plays, privately printed books, and editions of Walton and Cotton's "Complete Angler"; autographs of Colonial governors, members of the Continental Congress, officers of the Revolution, war of 1812, and civil war, Presidents, cabinet officers, and American and English authors, actors, and actresses; and American, Canadian, English, French, early and modern German, and other foreign bookplates.

The number of women who matriculate and become candidates for degrees at German universities is steadily increasing. The Frankfurter *Zeitung* reports that during the summer semester the total of this contingent was 211, as compared with 140 in the winter and 137 in the preceding summer. Of these women 108 are students of medicine, 66 of philosophy, 22 of mathematics and natural sciences, 10 of economic sciences, 4 of law. The bulk of these are naturally found in the South German universities. Leipzig is the only university in the north that matriculates women. The other universities admit women only as *Hospitanten*, and of these there was a total of 1,268, as compared with 1,050 a year ago. In Russia, too, the academic status of women is improving. For the first time in the history of the Empire women are now permitted to attend the lectures in the different faculties of the University of St. Petersburg, as also in the Polytechnic Institute of that city. Switzerland has for years been the Eldorado of the woman student, and the numerical strength of this contingent has steadily grown. During the summer semester just closed there was a total of 2,193 women in the Swiss universities. In the academic year 1900-1901 it was 1,429; in 1894 it was 420. The gain is attributable chiefly to the Russian element. Of the 2,193 women now enrolled no fewer than 1,518 are Russian, or nearly 75 per cent. of the whole number. The *Zeitung*, in commenting on the attendance of women in the European universities, declares that none of the fears entertained a generation ago, when the first timid attempts were made by women to gain admittance in time honored institutions, have been realized. The university woman has not materially affected academic life or endangered the supremacy of men in the professions.

The authorities of the city libraries in Berlin have been making some interesting experiments with the purpose of determining the hygienic conditions of books that have been used a great deal by the people. With the dirt gathered from such books, some of which was known to include tuberculosis bacilli, experiments were made on guinea pigs. In the case of books used but two years, no result could be noticed, but the refuse collected from particularly soiled books, that had been in circulation from three to six years, did produce an effect. Attempts to destroy the bacilli by sterilization through formalin vapors failed; but the books themselves suffered

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to such an extent that many were practically spoiled. In view of this fact the city authorities have decided to abstain from further disinfecting experiments. In conjunction with the City Medical Society and the Police Department, it has now been decided periodically to examine the public libraries and to destroy those books which have been used so much as to make them a danger to public health. Such books must be destroyed, not sold for old paper.

A SOBER LIFE OF WHITMAN.

Walt Whitman: His Life and Work. By Bliss Perry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

What with Mr. Binns's able but slightly rhapsodical biography, Mr. Traubel's shirt-sleeve Boswellianism, Mr. Carpenter's apostolic revelations, and other less notable contributions, we are having a little too much of Whitman. The Germans have found in him a Teutonic philosopher, and soon this discovery will be added to the current of our belated homage. It might seem an unfortunate hour for Mr. Perry's entrance upon the field, yet all this Whitmania, as it has been called, really increases the timeliness of so sober and well-considered a biography as the volume now before us.

Mr. Perry's work is modest in compass, but shows throughout that he has studied the documents with care and patience. It is, if anything, too well documented, for in reaching after unprinted letters and in ferreting out Whitman's ephemeral notes, he has sometimes failed to take full advantage of the more easily accessible and more essential material. After all, Whitman's "Specimen Days" is, and must always remain, the great mirror of his life, one of the most extraordinary pieces of self-revelation in the English language. Mr. Perry, in his laudable search after novelty, has not given quite sufficient prominence, either critically or biographically, to that prime document. But in general the narrative portions are well told and properly balanced. In particular we may note that he does not make nearly so much of Whitman's romantic episode in New Orleans as does Mr. Binns, keeping thus to the sober side of conjecture. He quotes in part the famous letter to Symonds ("My life, young manhood, mid-age, times South, etc., have been jolly bodily"), but rightly exonerates Whitman of bestiality, points to the purity of his later years, and utterly repudiates Symonds's—and others'—interpretation of "Calamus."

Much the most important sections of the book deal with sources, and here Mr. Perry has a field almost entirely his own. No one before him has treated this subject with anything like the same fulness. We are, in fact, commonly inclined to regard Whitman as a wholly isolated phenomenon, as a bolt out of the clear sky, whereas he was deeply rooted in his age and surroundings. In tracing the formal derivation of the "Leaves of Grass" Mr. Perry has shown particular ingenuity. The association of Whitman's rhythms with the prose-verse of Blake, with Tupper's sprawling lines, with the Bible, and with various Oriental poems, leaves little or nothing to be desired. To quote, for example, such a passage as this from one of Blake's Prefaces is to throw a strong light on the processes of Whitman's impressionable brain:

> When this verse was first dictated to me I consider'd a Monotonous Cadence like that used by Milton & Shakespeare, & all writers of English Blank Verse, derived from the modern bondage of Rhyming to be a necessary and indispensible part of the verse. But I soon found that in the mouth of a true Orator, such monotony was not only awkward, but as much a bondage as rhyme itself. I therefore have produced a variety in every line, both of cadences & number of syllables. Every word and every letter is studied and put into its place: the terrific numbers are reserved for the terrific parts, the mild & gentle for the mild and gentle parts, and the prosaic for inferior parts: all are necessary to each other. Poetry Fetter'd Fetters the Human Race!

Mr. Perry shows how widely disseminated this easy doctrine was in the fifties and sixties, and how naturally it imposed itself on Whitman's liberty-loving and untrained mind. The veritable *trouvaille* of the book is Samuel Warren's "The Lily and the Bee," which was published in England in 1851, promptly republished by Harpers and reviewed in *Harper's Monthly* of November, 1851. The rhapsody describes a day and night passed in the Crystal Palace, but its real subject, avowed by the author, is "Man—a unity":

> "In dusky, rainless Egypt now!
> Mysterious memories come crowding round—
> From misty Mizraim to Ibrahim—
> Abraham! Joseph! Pharaoh's Plagues!
> Shepherd Kings! Sesostris!
> Cambyses! Xerxes! Alexander! Ptolemies! Antony! Cleopatra! Cæsar—
> Isis! Osiris! Temples! Sphinxes! Obelisks! Alexandria!
> The Pyramids.
> The Nile!
> Napoleon! Nelson!
> —Behold, my son, quoth the Royal Mother, this ancient wondrous country—destined scene of mighty doings—perchance of conflict, deadly tremendous, such as the world has never seen, nor warrior dreamed of.
> Even now the attracting centre of world-wide anxieties.
> On this spot see settled the eyes of sleepless Statesmen—
> Lo! a British engineer, even while I speak, connects the Red Sea with the Mediterranean: Alexandria and Cairo made as one—
>
> . . . . . .
>
> A unit unperceived,
> I sink into the living stream again!—
> Nave, transept, aisles and Galleries,
> Pacing untired; insatiate!
> Touchstone of character! capacity! and knowledge!
> Spectacle, now lost in the Spectators; then spectators in the spectacle!
> Rich; poor; gentle; simple; wise; foolish; young; old; learned; ignorant; thoughtful; thoughtless; haughty; humble; frivolous; profound!

In form and style this strikes us as one of the really remarkable literary parallels. There needs but a touch of genius to fit the lines to stand with the most characteristic of Whitman's.

And the passage from this to the sources of Whitman's philosophy is easy and direct. Here again Mr. Perry has done good service in pointing to the poet's derivation from New England transcendentalism, from German romanticism, and (*ab Jove principium*) from Rousseau. He might with profit have pursued these investigations to closer quarters, for he had here the opportunity and, we assume, the knowledge to make a genuinely original contribution to American letters. More specially, he might have insisted on the largely, but not entirely, indirect relation of the American to the German Romantics. Whitman was in his own desultory way a reader of the Kantian philosophers. How welcome would be a comparison of his egotism with Fichte's and his nature-cult with Schelling's, to name the two points of contact that first occur. It is not strange that Germany to-day is finding its own in Whitman.

In his closing chapter of critical estimation Mr. Perry, as was to be expected, strikes a note of just appreciation while avoiding the flatulent extravagance of Mr. Burroughs, Dr. Bucke, and the other professed Whitmanites. Possibly he goes a step too far in calling Whitman "the most original and suggestive poetic figure since Wordsworth," unless we give to the words "original" and "suggestive" their strictest meaning. The corrective to such apparent exaggeration may be found in the apt coincidence of some verses of Whitman's found on the same scrap of paper with Keats's ode "To Autumn." In more specific criticism Mr. Perry's keenest *aperçu* is in showing how "Whitman's mind passes immediately from the individual to the mass," and so misses the whole range of intermediate relations of men in the family and in society. Altogether the volume will probably take its place as the sane and authoritative life of Whitman for many years to come.

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

The Canadian War of 1812. By C. P. Lucas, C.B. New York: Henry Frowde. $4.15.

The title of this book gives a very adequate clue to its contents. The War of 1812 might equally well be considered from the standpoint of Great Britain or of the United States, but Mr. Lucas views it as a struggle wherein the only laurels to be won were gathered by the Loyalists of Upper Canada. They alone were fighting for their hearths and the right to live under the flag of their choice. For England the war meant another burden which must be assumed at a time when she was crushed by taxation and straining every nerve in her mighty struggle with Napoleon. It could bring her neither glory nor profit. For the United States it was a disputed issue in politics which bred sectional discord and carried New England to the verge of secession. Canada, on the other hand, suffered deliberate invasion, and her people were given a chance to show whether or not they would submit to annexation by the sword. In some such light as this it is that Mr. Lucas regards a contest which embraced three distinct elements.

We take some pains to define the exact scope of the volume, because the author works within rather narrow limits. For example, his account of the events which caused the war would seem inadequate in a book that dealt with the contest as a whole. Even when we consider the avowed restriction of aim, it appears strange that Mr. Lucas should not have given the same attention to antecedents which he gives to the Treaty of Ghent. "The war party in the United States," he says—"the anti-English party to whom the men of Massachusetts were so strongly opposed—had a definite programme, illustrated in speeches and proclamations, and, as the British commissioners at Ghent roundly

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declared, notorious to the whole world, though not explicitly avowed by the government. That programme was to conquer and annex Canada." What this work lacks is a chapter of twenty pages or so on the state of feeling in the United States during the period when Henry Clay talked of negotiating peace at Quebec or Halifax. Mr. Lucas says nothing about the wholesale seizure of American shipping by Napoleon, despite which Madison's Government went into a war with England, though incidentally helping France. Neither does he touch upon the spirit disclosed by Simcoe a short time earlier when he was expecting an invasion from Wayne. Of course, every man is entitled to write his book in his own way. We would only make it plain that Mr. Lucas plunges into an account of hostilities along the Canadian frontier without furnishing his reader with such data as would explain the state of feeling on either side of it. A party in the United States sought to seize Canada. The people of Upper Canada remembered their Loyalist extraction. So much Mr. Lucas tells us. But all the interesting details of recrimination are left out.

A little is said of the combats at sea and of the attacks upon Washington, Baltimore, and New Orleans. Otherwise the book is in the strictest sense "an instalment of Canadian history," as Mr. Lucas calls it. The sources, in the main, are official dispatches. Slight use has been made of autobiographies, vindications, and ephemeral literature, like Hull's "Memoirs," Wilkinson's "Memoirs," and Armstrong's "Notices of the War." The narrative, so far as it deals with Upper Canada, is full and satisfactory. The same can hardly be said of the treatment which Lower Canada receives. That the sons of the Loyalists should defend themselves from attack was natural enough, but the psychology of the French Canadian on this occasion is much more interesting. Here Mr. Lucas offers no considerable assistance. Apart from a brief notice of the fight at Chateauguay, and some account of Prevost's movements on Lake Champlain, the allusions which he devotes to Lower Canada are few and perfunctory. He does indeed say that, "when, on the declaration of war, the militia was embodied in the Montreal district, a serious riot took place at Lachine, which was only put down with the aid of regular troops," yet what it meant in terms of political disaffection we are left to guess. The name of Plessis is not mentioned in the index, and we have discovered it nowhere in the text, but the importance of his services to the movement was inestimable. In 1813 the Crown granted him, as Bishop of Quebec, an annual allowance of £1,000, an official recognition of what he had done to preserve the loyalty of the *habitants*. Mr. Lucas quietly passes over one of the largest questions which is suggested by the war of 1812, namely, the attitude of the French Canadians, and the grounds for their attitude. Apropos of Chateauguay, he observes: "Hitherto the cause of Canada had been mainly in the keeping of British troops and settlers of British birth; but at Chateauguay only French Canadians were engaged, and this fight proved to demonstration that the war was a national war for Canada." This statement by no means explains the complicated situation which existed in 1812 on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Moreover, Mr. Lucas's sketch of military events in Lower Canada is less distinct and thorough than might have been desired.

We have now exhausted our list of strictures. For the rest, Mr. Lucas's story of the campaigns in the Niagara peninsula and along the Great Lakes is excellently told. He has warm praise for a patriotic militia, but insists upon the sovereign value of regular troops as a nucleus around which the citizen soldiery can rally. In summing up the lessons of Queenston Heights he says:

> There was equally good fighting material on either side of the Niagara River, but, while the spirit and discipline of the Canadian militia were beyond all praise, those qualities were absolutely non-existent on the American side. The reasons are not far to seek. The citizen soldier is at his best when he has his back to the wall, fighting for his home; when he has at his shoulder to steady him a good type of trained regular soldier; and when the general in command is more than a general, personally attracting the sentiment and patriotism of those who are under his lead. All these conditions were present on the Canadian side, all were wanting on the American.

This passage will convey some impression of Mr. Lucas's style, but it must not be inferred that because he praises the conduct of the Canadian militia under Brock he holds a brief for the subjects of George III. His tone throughout is discriminating, and though admiration for the courage of the Loyalists may be said to dominate the narrative as a whole, it does not lead to special pleading on their behalf or wilful detraction from the merits of their opponents. No one who has had Mr. Lucas's connection with the Colonial Office could be expected to feel regret that "the Loyalists and their descendants fought for their own and kept their own." But such an animus as of old marked James's "Military Occurrences" is wholly absent from this admirable volume.

History of the "Bucktails." By O. R. Howard Thompson and William H. Rauch. Philadelphia: Eclectic Printing Co.

The record of the "Bucktails," officially known as the Kane Rifle Regiment of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, thoroughly entitles it to a history of its own. The regiment was distinctive for other reasons than its nickname. It was, for instance, never regularly mustered into the Federal service, save by order of the Secretary of War, but was mustered out. It served the United States Government for two months when only in the employ of Pennsylvania, and was afterwards held merely by the State muster, which provided for a transfer to the United States service that was never made. Comprising many riflemen from the wilder parts of Pennsylvania, the regiment early earned the reputation of being a hard fighting organization, as is attested by Confederate officers as well as by its Federal commanders. The "bucktail," which each soldier pinned to his cap, was not provided for by an army regulation, but is an excellent illustration of the value of a distinctive badge or part of a uniform in creating *esprit de corps* in a military organization. Thanks to it, this regiment was known throughout both armies. Campaigning in Maryland in the State service, before entering the Federal, the Bucktails had their first serious engagement at Dranesville in December, 1861. At Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, New Market Cross Roads, and Malvern Hill, they fought and bled. So, too, they took part in the valley campaign of 1862, served with Pope at the second battle of Bull Run, and then at Antietam and Fredericksburg. At Gettysburg they lost a colonel who was the brother of Bayard Taylor, and they wound up their extraordinarily full service by campaigning under Grant in the Wilderness.

The volume before us has been compiled on behalf of the regimental association with obvious industry and touching affection for this notable organization. Unhappily its authors were plainly inexperienced both in the art of bookmaking and of writing history. Hence, it does not add much to the growing collection of valuable regimental histories. For the Bucktails' sake their notable service should some day be put into a more readable and significant form. Had this book been prepared by a trained editor, there would have been no necessity for the thirty-nine "corrigenda" entered at the end, and for many other errors not noted by the compilers. It is especially regrettable that when strenuous efforts were made to complete the roster of the regiment, the results were in no way tabulated. As to the total number of killed and wounded, the deaths from disease, the loss by desertions, etc., the reader is left in ignorance. The historian who would ascertain these facts must look for them elsewhere.

Dixie After the War. By Myrta Lockett Avary. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

In a previous volume Miss Avary gave us a Southern woman's view of events at the time of the civil war; she now repeats the process for the even more painful years the South passed through after the war was over. The book is largely a collection of anecdotes, scraps, and cuttings, grouped under appropriate chapter heads, and a good deal of the material is fresh and entertaining. The point of view throughout is feminine, which explains a certain note of overstatement or intensity that adds to the emotional, if it detracts from the historical, force of the book. A Southern officer once observed: "Woman's is the aftermath of anguish. It has taken a long time to reconstruct Southern women. Some are not reconstructed yet. Suffering was stamped too deep for effacement. The Southern woman and her loved ones lacked food and raiment; her home was burned over her head. And women could only sit still and endure while we could fight back."

The volume abounds with anecdotes. The young ladies of Richmond, after the military occupation, adopted a veil that completely screened their faces from observation. This was hard on the younger Northern officers, and here is how one of them, wittily and gallantly, entered his protest: "Mary Triplett, our famous blonde beauty, then in the rosy freshness of early youth, was walking along when the wind took off her veil and carried it to the feet of a

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young Federal officer. He bent, uplifted the vagrant mask, and, with his cap held before his eyes, restored it." Indeed, the Richmond ladies were most inflexible; is it not told of one of them that she walked the whole way from Petersburg to Richmond, twenty miles, for fear the oath of allegiance would be administered to her if she boarded a car?

Occasionally we are afforded a glimpse of matters of greater political importance than these. As, for instance, this impression of Lincoln at the time of his flying visit to Richmond a few days after the occupation of the city:

There was something like misgiving in his eyes as he sat in the carriage with Shepley, gazing upon smoking ruins on all sides, and a rabble of crazy negroes hailing him as Saviour! Truly, I never saw a sadder or wearier face in all my life than Lincoln's.

A little judicious pruning, a little more care for style, a little more regard for accuracy in historical detail, would have made of this a really good book; even as it is, it presents with vivacity a picture that gives a strong, if somewhat one-sided, impression of notable events. The illustrations are good, and it would be difficult to resist the charm of the pictures of several Southern women of the war period here reproduced.

RECENT FICTION.

The Subjection of Isabel Carnaby. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

The brilliant Isabel's "subjection" applies to her state and not to the process, which has been thoroughly accomplished before the book begins. Those who knew and delighted in her in the earlier novel will be glad to find that, though in theory an abject wife, she has lost none of her power or her desire to shine for all. As her sponsor, the author, says, "She was too true a woman to flirt after she was married: and she was much too true a woman not to want to do so." The story, however, does not deal with Isabel's flirtations or abstainings therefrom, so much as with a matchmaking adventure of hers, and with the large crowd of consequences that followed, bringing, first, woe, and subsequently, weal, after the author's usual optimistic fashion.

Her fashion is in no danger of founding a school, for Miss Fowler is not imitable. The combination of fun with brilliance is her own absolutely. Her ceaseless sense of the incongruity of congruities, and vice versa, makes an effect as of punning with ideas. Gilbert does this, but Miss Fowler does it with a feminine difference. She glorifies the illogical. She is, moreover, by a strange anomaly, a deeply religious writer with a fervor and faith which manifest themselves not only in orthodoxy, but in cheerfulness. Whatsoever tragic or melodramatic episodes may occur are beneficently free from gloom. And if her faith makes her hopeful, her grounding in Scripture gives her a style and a resource in imagery possible only to the intimate friends of the best literature. There are a few excellent little sermons in the book, and many evidences that the writer thinks her thoughts in the language of David and Paul.

A religious temper and an exuberantly merry temperament should and do furnish merits enough to float a story quite as full of emptinesses as its predecessors—so far as mere story goes. Indeed, having flown higher in incident than they, it has gone correspondingly deeper in absurdities, welcome, likable absurdities. It is a boon to have within reach such sayings as twinkle on every page:

The pronoun which we place before a verb makes all the difference to the verb we use. For instance, "*I* speak the truth," "*You* are unwarrantably severe," and "*He* makes himself detestably disagreeable," are really in essence the same verb adapted to fit the various pronouns.

There are two things which every man or woman that ever was born believes, about himself or herself: namely, that he or she has a strong sense of humor, and is a small eater!

A man will do anything that a woman asks as a favor, and nothing that she advises as the wisest course.

These are a few of her many portable conveniences. Another, "It is man's place to rule; and the minute that he lays down his sceptre, woman snatches it up and hits him over the head with it—as he richly deserves"—embodies the prevalent attitude of the book upon the relation of husband and wife. It is exemplified by all the married folk in the story; in the case of Fabia the illustration may be called a caricature. A counsel of this sort of perfection is not, however, likely to be widely mischievous in America. There is small menace of contagion in the example of Janet, who, on her husband's return from a fourteen months' unexplained absence, not only volunteers not to question him, but adds, "As long as you tell me that you have been well and happy I am content."

The Heart that Knows. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Another novel of the season from a popular American writer, which reads discouragingly like a pot-boiler, another disappointment for the reviewer who ardently wishes to find goodness in what is pretty sure to be widely read. Here is plenty of material for a really powerful story, but no life in the actual product. We imagine the author sitting down (between a college lecture and the composition of a Nature Article) to the fabrication of a plot which should be properly compounded of sea adventure and heart interest. No fault is to be found with the resulting structure, as a structure. Things happen: there are stirring scenes at reasonable intervals. There is a promising diversity of *personæ*, taken at their face-value. The scenario is moving.

A beautiful girl in a Northern coast village is deserted on her wedding morn by a man who should have been the unrecorded hero of a quiet domestic romance. This initial event is due to the machinations of a village adventuress, who by forgery persuades the honest groom of his bride's infidelity. Not without local precedent the girl has ceased to be a maid somewhat before the hour when the church should have set its seal upon a solemn betrothal. Ignorant of any cause for her desertion, she lives to give birth to a son who even in youth dedicates his life to revenge upon his mother's betrayer. He goes to sea, and searches the corners of the earth in vain for traces of his unworthy father. The pursued has changed his name, and a close intimacy between him and the pursuer has sprung up before the fact is discovered. The son, still driven by his sworn purpose, tries to nerve himself to the deed of righteous vengeance, but "the heart that knows," the filial instinct, discerns the blamelessness of his intended victim, and the avenger's hand fails. Explanations ensue, and there is a return of the two wanderers to the lonely mother who waits in the far Northern village to welcome them. Substance here for a lusty melodrama, or, in a powerful hand, for a really moving interpretation of human experience. In fact, the tale leaves a dispiriting impression of tenuity and tameness. We have a right to expect better things than this from Mr. Roberts or nothing at all. Ten years ago he was recognized as one of our promising poets. Since then, we may suppose, he has proved too "magazinable" for his good. He should now be in his prime; but what he does fails to fulfil, and threatens to destroy, our hopes of him.

Moon-Face and Other Stories. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

These stories present Jack London at his shallowest, but by no means at his worst. Everything in them, even their brutality, is subordinated to a trivial ingenuity of plot. With the exception of the longest of them, "Planchette," they are not dull; but they do not reassure us that this writer is what he was hailed to be when first he flashed upon our ken: a second Kipling. We would suggest as a sub-title, "Diversions of a Literary Bounder."

The Face of Clay. By Horace A. Vachell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Vachell will be recalled as the author of "Brothers" and "The Hill," the latter published but a short time ago. "The Hill" was one of the best stories of schoolboy life ever written. "The Face of Clay" is, as such things now go, what would be called a very good story. It has dignity as well as interest. Notably, though it has to do with a group of artists, it does not make copy of the cheap and silly aspects of the so-called "artistic temperament." It does not err, as "The Incomplete Amorist" has recently erred, in making a cat's-paw of the homely slighted shepherd's trade. What compromises the seriousness of Mr. Vachell's tale is its melodramatic quality, felt at the outset, and pretty well usurping the attention toward the end. Our villain's machinations, our hero's triumphant virtue, cast their shadows too far before. The whole affair is too patently composed according to a known recipe. This has been true of some of Mr. Vachell's other work. What "The Hill" lacked of reality was due to the neatness with which the punishment fitted the crime, and virtue drew its salary. This amenity, we suppose, tends distinctly to elevate a novel to that envied shelf where the "ten best-sellers" inhabit. But who of sensible years wants to read that kind of book a second time? "The Face of Clay" is, we fear, on its first and last legs.

The Gentleman Ragman. By Wilbur Nesbit. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A Middle West town, an editor, a Virginian, a feud, a detective—the words sug-

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gest the most hackneyed ingredients of fiction. But though they indicate the material of Mr. Nesbit's story, they give small hint of the treatment. The narrator is a boy in an editor's office who tells the tale in boy language; the detective is another boy, eaten up with the zeal of Gaboriau and his ilk; the Virginian is temporarily thrust into the profession of ragman, while seeking to evade the painful necessity of shooting an hereditary enemy; the journalist is the funny man, and helps in the end to furnish forth the double wedding. The self-exiled Virginian, contriving to get tangled in sundry social matters of the town, plays knight-errant to a damsel in distress, and the two boys attach themselves to him as faithful squires in many laughable adventures. An ample native Americanism in man, woman, and boy is unfolded with full measure of native American humor in the language of the country, resulting in a fabric inexpensive but entirely wholesome and clean.

The House of Islâm. By Marmaduke Pickthall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This Oriental story is in effect a "cock and pye" novel of adventure done into Mohammedan. It has the attractions and drawbacks of all writings of its school for their respective admirers and repudiators. On the whole, it is to be welcomed as a variant and a poetic variant upon similar affairs conducted in France, England, the Netherlands, Virginia, and countries (usually ending in *a*) not on the map. The adventures cluster about the pilgrimage of a certain saintly old Shems-ud-dîn to the Holy City to place under a Frankish doctor's care a beloved daughter who is sick unto death. "Thou hast let the girl grow between thee and the Praiseworthy; wherefore the Almighty slays her, as one breaks the small branch of a tree, that He may see thee," his friend tells him. "The right is with thee, O Hassan, but—O my pearl of pearls!" The grave purpose of the pilgrimage and of the sojourn in the city does not preclude entanglement with a deal of secular adventure, seeing that the retinue embraces elements ranging from half-tamed brigands with pronounced tastes for gore and stolen ammunition, to fanatics ready to do any violence for religion's sake. The story is drenched in the atmosphere of Oriental wile—politician pitted against saint, buyer against seller, and one religion against the other. The stir and turmoil abate not from cover to cover, beating always about one central point of repose—the fine old scholar and saint. It is he who holds the story together, and even his hold is slender, the impression being less of a novel than of a book of deeds and of manners. With the Oriental landscape and customs, and with the workings of the Oriental mind, its guileless wiles and its motiveless subtleties, the writer is obviously quite at home. The geography, architecture, and figures are in admirable proportion; the characters stand out and live; the style is swift, pictorial, amiably cynical, fitting its theme.

Holyland. Authorized translation of Gustav Frenssen's "Hilligenlei," by Mary Agnes Hamilton. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

"Holyland" is one of those books that owe success to appearance at the right moment. The spirit of investigation may have destroyed the fictitious fabric of theological systems, but it has not destroyed religious faith. This is apparent in the attitude assumed by modern German scholars and in the treatment of the religious motive in fiction. The religious message of the book is contained in the story of the life of Christ, written for the common people by Kai Jans, and bequeathed to the woman he loves. The author assures us in an after-word of the German original that this story is based upon the works of the great Biblical scholars of his country. But whether this popularized version of the New Testament has the convincing and suggestive strength needed to make of Hilligenlei a Holyland in something more than name, is by no means proved. The characters which the author has grouped about the hero, in whose struggles and hopes he may have embodied experiences of his clerical life, are well on the way to work out their own salvation; they even speak of having found their Holyland long before they become acquainted with that manuscript. For each has his own conception of the meaning of the word.

Another element of success is the erotic side of the novel. Erotic problems play such a prominent part in modern German literature, that even the average reader is no longer shocked by passages that have been censured by critics far from conservative. For this very reason the book is not likely to appeal to the Anglo-Saxon. In the author's conception of love the spiritual element is entirely absent; and some of the situations in which he pictures his characters lack refinement. But most of the German readers who have become admirers of Frenssen through this, his latest work, were captured neither by the religious nor the erotic element. The book is filled with a consciousness of Germanic strength and sounds a patriotic keynote which never fails to find an echo in the multitude.

With the exception of a few passages which bear evidence of struggle with the style of the original, the translator's painstaking work has been signally successful.

Afghanistan. By Angus Hamilton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

Angus Hamilton, the author of the volume entitled "Afghanistan," is a serious student of Central Asian politics. His latest book is the result of patient, laborious study, and investigation of the modern historical, political, and geographical conditions of the buffer state between India and Russia. The book is heavy reading, for Mr. Hamilton is not concerned with the usual traveller's picturesque account of the strange manners and customs of a strange country. He gives us statistics on trade routes, railways, trade movements, trade values, duties, products, population, systems of government, strategic communications, minute descriptions of towns and cities, tables of weights and measures—such data as appeal to the man who wants a thorough working knowledge of Central Asian affairs.

The main subject of discussion in the book is the growth of railway systems to and in Afghanistan. Until recently Russian Turkestan was at a disadvantage from being too remote from its base of supplies. European troops to reach Central Asia had to travel the long route from Moscow to Baku, thence over the Caspian Sea by a twenty-four hours' passage, and then to the end of their journey by the long Trans-Caspian Railway. This tedious journey is now a thing of the past. The Orenburg-Tashkend Railroad makes the continuous trip from St. Petersburg to Tashkend, 2,400 miles, and joins the southern-central Russian depôts with the bases in Central Asia. Such an advance is, of course, a decided help to Russia in pushing southward. This route, be it noted, is in the direction of the shortest line to India. Were there no international difficulties, as at present, the line could be carried from Kushk, the present terminus of the Murgab Valley division in northwestern Afghanistan, to Herat, the key of India, thence to Kandahar on the southern boundary, and to New Chaman where it would join the Indian system of railways. With this line completed the Anglo-Indian traveller could shorten his journey by seven days' travel via Calais, Berlin, Warsaw, Baku, Merv, Kandahar, thence into India. He would thus avoid those bad dreams—the horrors of the Red Sea and the monsoon: But for the time being the scheme is an idle dream. Russia will devote herself to strengthening her advantage along the Northern Persian and Northern Afghan border by bringing her railway resources to the edge of the glacis, and, incidentally, by controlling all trade from the north.

As Herat, the key to India, is the most obvious objective of Russian railway policy, Mr. Hamilton gives careful attention to that city and to the western border of Afghanistan. His account of Herat and of the Herati is not optimistic. Herat, quite in contrast with Vambéry's brilliant account of it, is described as having declined from its quondam opulence. It is no longer the great central trade mart between India and Persia. The Herati, too, have been so dulled by misfortune, pestilence, and famine, that they are willing to surrender unconditionally to the highest bidder—to Russia. They have been intimidated by Russia's impressive show of strength in Central Asia. Mr. Hamilton's view of the situation in Herat, as well as in the whole of Afghanistan, is summed up thus: "Russia is really the supreme and dominating factor in Afghanistan, not only along the northern, eastern, and western frontiers, but throughout the kingdom."

As Kandahar is a rich trade centre, Mr. Hamilton advocates a railway to it, both for commercial and strategical purposes. Such a line would, he asserts, offset Russia's schemes of aggression. Substantially, Mr. Hamilton's view is that every advance made by Russia in the Middle East should be measured equally by England in the South. It cannot be denied that the author makes a plausible argument, but it can be argued with equal force that such schemes do not insure the desired integrity of British India. Recent writers, notably Prof. Goldwin Smith and F G. Abbott, editor of the Calcutta *Statesman*, take another view. If disintegration occurs, they argue, it will come largely from within the country. Professor Smith urges that

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"no race can forever hold and rule a land in which it cannot rear its children." Mr. Abbott sees that sincere coöperation between the natives and the English is the solution of the troublesome question. In only one State—Baroda—has this sincere coöperation been successfully tried. In connection with the political status of Afghanistan Mr. Hamilton writes entertainingly of Amir Abdur Rahman, and of his son, the present ruler, Amir Habib Ullah. In his final chapter he traces in detail the various Anglo-African relations. His account of Sir Louis Dane's recent mission to Kabul shows how fruitless was England's endeavor to gain the master hand in Afghanistan. Mr. Hamilton is sanguine enough to write concerning the mission "that the subjugation of Afghanistan to the interests of India is incomplete." As a matter of fact it is evident to everybody, as well as to Mr. Hamilton, that the purposes of British policy in Central Asia have received a decided check. The one British statesman who opposed sending the mission, and who thereby showed sound political sense, was Lord Curzon—to whom Mr. Hamilton, by permission, dedicates his volume.

Historic Bibles in America. By John Wright. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

The author of "Early Bibles of America" and "Early Prayer Books of America," the Rev. John Wright of St. Paul, has just published what may be called a companion volume to the former "Historic Bibles in America." In the earlier book, published in 1894, a number of Bibles printed on the American continent were described, and a large amount of interesting material, bibliographical, as well as biblical, was brought together. In the new book, "Historic Bibles," Dr. Wright describes a number of Bibles (some few printed in America, but many foreign editions) which have at some time belonged to people more or less famous, and which are now in American libraries, public or private. Some of the Bibles described are of value and interest themselves, but many others have only their "association" interest.

We learn that George Washington's family Bible (Baskerville's edition, Birmingham, 1772) is now owned by Christ Church Parish, Alexandria, Va., to whom it was presented by George Washington Parke Custis in 1804. Washington also owned a copy of the folio edition of Brown's "Self-Interpreting Bible," Hodge & Campbell, New York, 1792. This was the first Bible printed in New York. Washington's name heads the list of subscribers. The Bible described by Dr. Wright as the "Bassett-Washington" Bible, on account of its having belonged to Ella Bassett, widow of Lewis D. Washington, should have been called Mary Washington's Bible. There is no reason to doubt that it originally belonged to Mary Ball Washington, the mother of George Washington, from whom it descended to her daughter Betty, who married Fielding Lewis. Dr. Wright apparently was not aware that the family record which he quotes (which is on a blank sheet, wafered into the book with sealing wax) is probably in the autograph of George Washington. The first entry is the record of the marriage of Augustine Washington and Mary Ball, on March 6, 1730-31. The second entry is of the birth of George Washington, "Born ye 11th Day of February, 1731-32, about 10 in the Morning & was Baptised the 5th of April following." The eleven days which were stricken out of September, 1752, made the eleventh day of February, Old Style, the twenty-second, the day we celebrate. This valuable and interesting volume is no longer at Mount Vernon, as Dr. Wright indicates, but is now offered for sale by a well-known firm of booksellers in New York city.

In his preface Dr. Wright says that he has been twelve years collecting his notes regarding the Bibles described, and that the ownership of some of them as noted by him may not now be correct. This is the case with the most valuable specimen of the first edition of John Eliot's Indian Bible, the famous Hardwicke copy. This book long ago left the Kalbfleisch Library, to which it is here credited, having been acquired about ten years ago by Marshall C. Lefferts. At the disposal of the Lefferts collection it was purchased by E. D. Church, who now also owns the fine Barlow copy of the first edition of Eliot's New Testament in Indian, having the autograph of William Herbert, which Dr. Wright describes as being in the library of C. S. Bement of Philadelphia.

The quarto Bible having the imprint "London: Printed by Mark Baskett, Printer to the King's most Excellent Majesty; and by the Assigns of Robert Baskett, M.DCC.LII.," for which $2,025 was paid at the sixth McKee sale in 1902, is now owned by George C. Thomas of Philadelphia. This is supposed to be one of the small edition surreptitiously printed in Boston by Kneeland & Green for Daniel Henchman, as related from hearsay by Isaiah Thomas in his "History of Printing in America." As the printing of Bibles was a monopoly, Thomas explains that by inserting the London imprint the Boston bookseller Henchman hoped to be able to dispose of his Boston-printed counterfeit at a larger profit for himself than by importing books printed by the licensed printer. The counterfeit New Testament in duodecimo, which, according to Thomas, was printed for Henchman and other booksellers by Rogers & Fowle in an edition of two thousand copies shortly before the Bible printed for him by Kneeland & Green was published, has not yet been identified. It also contained a London imprint. Thomas says further that "privacy in the business was necessary," and that "few hands were intrusted with the secret." If some bibliographer will bring together and compare a number of old Bibles and Testaments which are known to have been in the possession of New England families about the middle of the eighteenth century, some interesting facts as to these counterfeit editions may be brought to light.

The Knowledge of God and its Historical Development. By Henry Melvill Gwatkin, M.A. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. Two volumes: $3.75 net.

Professor Gwatkin published a volume of sermons not long since under the title "The Eye for Spiritual Things," which were of the best type of English preaching. The discourses were chaste, dignified, scholarly, and truly spiritual. Evidences of the same pleasant culture and reverent piety are not wanting in the more ambitious undertaking now appearing as the Gifford Lectures for 1904 and 1905, yet with the work as a whole one must confess to disappointment. The lecturer set before himself the very considerable task, both of examination of the principles on which theistic doctrine rests, and also of a historical survey of the principal forms of belief in God. His work is a philosophy of religion and a history of theism combined in one, and neither as a philosophy nor as a history is it satisfactory. Omissions of important themes and inadequate treatment of others were inevitable to an attempt to cover so wide a range within the allotted time.

As an example of insufficient treatment yielding no definite result may be cited the lecture on the Knowledge of God in the Old Testament, which opens the second volume. Of the forty-six pages not a few are taken up with the handling of critical matters, in which the author leans toward conservative opinions, while recognizing the need of criticism and the certainty of many important critical conclusions. But even if one does not stumble at the assertion of the prevalence of an ethical monotheism before the time of the conquest, nor at the suggestion that the doctrine of a future life was familiar in Israel, "if only as an Egyptian belief," he will claim the right of protest to find no clear conception in Dr. Gwatkin's pages of the Hebrew contribution to the knowledge of God, or of the development of theistic belief in Hebrew religion. At one point we read that "the truths of God are not impressed on common mortals by cold reasoning and dry-as-dust antiquarianism, but only by the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice of men who live by the truth, and count all other things as loss if they may gain truth." Here we seem to be in sight of a reasonable account of Israel's faith, but there follows only a plea for the historicity of Abraham, while the truths of God which were impressed by the enthusiasm of Amos and Hosea are not expounded. Similar incompleteness and lack of ability to bring essentials into the clear might be remarked in the lecture on the religion of the New Testament, and indeed are characteristic of the entire treatise. The defect is doubtless incident to the largeness of the subject, but it is serious nevertheless.

Dr. Gwatkin would appear to be most broad and tolerant in many respects, but his manner toward Roman Catholics is sometimes offensive, as when he says that "the high priest of irreligion calls himself the vicar of Christ," and refers to the Roman Church as "the most degraded of all the sects."

Demosthenes against Midias. By William Watson Goodwin. Cambridge University Press. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.20.

The oration against Midias throws light on Athenian politics and manners, and is, in the main, an extremely able and brilliant specimen of the orator's powers. "For Scholars," as Professor Goodwin re-

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marks, "it has a unique interest as the only existing argument in a case of προβολή" *(probolé)*. The upshot of the case might also raise some nice questions as to the psychology of the pleader and the ethical standards of his profession.

While the particular incidents that gave rise to the case wear an antiquated air, Midias is himself a type which may appear, with Protean variations, in any democracy. He might have flourished and bullied under the Tweed régime, in New York, or more recently in St. Louis. His methods are strikingly modern. His aim, however, was not so much peculation as politcal office and partisanship to shield private fraud and revenge. Wealthy, overbearing, arrogant, he managed by ingenious chicanery and powerful friends to evade the penalties of his frequent outrages. A picturesque witness of the enormity of these outrages is the disfranchised arbiter whom Midias had crushed and ruined in revenge for an adverse judgment, and who, while appearing before the court at the summons of Demosthenes, is legally disabled from opening his mouth. This dumb and ruined man is an incident in the long quarrel which culminated in the *probolé*, a casual victim in the legal feud whose windings are described in the speech.

The immediate occasion of the procedure known as *probolé* was this. At the highest festival of Dionysus, Demosthenes, while acting as *choregus* for his tribe, and presiding at a function on which he had spent lavishly from his own purse, was struck in the face by Midias repeatedly, with his clenched fist. The occasion, the place, and his official position made the person of the *choregus*, as it were, sacrosanct; and the mob of bystanders, enraged at the insolence of the assault, shouted, "Prosecute him! Don't compromise!"—an eminently Attic scene, more civilized and urbane, at any rate, than a lynching. Encouraged by this wave of popular sympathy, Demosthenes, the day after the festival, brought his grievance before the Assembly, holding special session in the Theatre. In spite of the strenuous efforts of his friends, a vote of *probolé* condemning Midias was unanimously passed. Such a vote of censure was only a preliminary step, a *præjudicium*, carrying moral weight, but leading in itself to no penalty. After a considerable interval, Demosthenes proposed to follow up this verdict, before a regular court; and the speech which Professor Goodwin has edited was prepared with this view.

Nothing in the oration on the Crown is more dignified, more forcible, and illuminating—more worthy of the large discourse of Burke, than the closing passage which elucidates the sanctity of the law and the majesty of constitutional government. "The laws," he says, "are but letters inscribed on brass or stone. It is you judges who give them force by your verdicts, and who, in turn, depend on them for safety." But the final issue of the case is an anti-climax to the weight and splendor of such sentiments. Repeatedly, in the course of his plea, Demosthenes dwells on the duty of a good citizen to pursue the criminal and to vindicate the laws for the sake of the commonweal. "Others have compromised, have said a long farewell to the laws and to the righteous indignation which a citizen should feel for their violation; others have yielded to the persuasion of money, have come to terms privately, and have dropped their suit. I, on the contrary, will do none of these things. I have been approached repeatedly with large offers, with entreaties, with cajolery, even with threats. If I yielded, I should feel that I had deserted my post. I should become defendant instead of plaintiff, if I am not purged from this outrage by your verdict." He asks, accordingly, for a penalty of death, or confiscation of the estates of his opponent.

After all this eloquence, Demosthenes does the very thing he has denounced. We learn that, as our editor expresses it, yielding to the urgency of friends, "he decided not to bring his suit into court, and accepted half a talent as a gift from Midias." This, certainly, is a bewildering fiasco. It may be quite true, as Professor Goodwin urges, that the orator was influenced by a sense that his public career was in peril, that he could not afford a victory over an adversary so sinister and powerful; he may have thought that he could better serve the State by using his voice in the counsels of the Olynthiac Orations than by a private triumph over such an opponent. It may be true also that this small sum was honestly due him for previous loss and damages, though Weil and Holm, among others, take a harsher view of the spirit of the transaction. But if the compromise was defensible, what becomes of the lofty arguments of the speech? He forges a thunderbolt white-hot with a fine, moral indignation, and then the bolt is suddenly laid away to cool.

Professor Goodwin's notes have all the brevity, point, and helpfulness which are naturally to be expected from the editor. Many of the annotations touch on questions of the uses of the moods which the author has made his own especial province, or upon questions of Attic Law, in which he is peculiarly at home. The appendices furnish a highly valuable apparatus—an Historical Introduction to the case, treatises on Public Services performed by individuals, and also on Peculiar Forms of suits under the Attic Law. The latter especially discuss and sift all the available evidence as to certain moot points, applying to them the light afforded by Aristotle's "Constitution of Athens." The searching dissertation on the process of *eisangelia* (impeachment), for example, explains the safeguards which in the fourth century would have prevented the repetition of that mad and tumultuous action of the Assembly which, though withstood for a single day by the firmness of Socrates, resulted in a sentence of death pronounced on eight generals, without trial or hearing. This monstrous proceeding, a pure outbreak of mob feeling under stress of domestic bereavement, was entirely alien to the spirit of Attic Law. Although litigious and even waspish, the Athenians were distinctly law-abiding. In spite of recurring civil disorders, they were on the high road to the moderation, the fixed processes, the law and order, of civilization.

As this speech was never delivered, it naturally lacked complete revision. Its arrangement is also pretty certainly not that which the writer would finally have adopted. The editor leans heavily on the authority of Σ, which he has revised for his purpose, using the facsimile in the Harvard College Library. In §41, line 4, he has discovered that Σ has ποιήσῃ only, not τοῦτο ποιήσῃ, as generally stated (Dindorf, Weil, Blass, King.) For this reason he adopts the reading ἃ μὲν ἄν τις . . . ἐξαχθῇ, omitting τι before πρᾶξαι. This is an obvious improvement. In §203, our editor follows the MSS. in reading νεμεῖσθε and ἐμβήσεσθε instead of the infinitive. Finally, the breathless sentence which runs its mazes through §215 and §216 is at least extremely vivid and picturesque in its details, and, perhaps, even in its effect of breathlessness. It is quite likely, as the editor says, that Demosthenes would never have allowed it to stand; and yet there is a possibility that (if the reading of the poorer MSS. is adopted) this very haste and involved expression may have been designed.

If there is any criticism to be made upon this work, it is that an editor so accomplished did not give a little more freely of his ripe learning and scholarship. A few phrases and passages here and there would bear commentary which are passed over in silence. Restraint is, of course, praiseworthy—restraint in an elder scholar is peculiarly admirable. But, after all, this book is for the student, and no one will ever accuse Professor Goodwin of "sowing from the sack." If we are to have the boon of the "Agamemnon" from the same hand, it is to be hoped that the publishers may concede a generous body of notes proportioned to the peculiar fitness of the editor and to the difficulty and beauty of the play.

On the Spanish Main: or, Some English Forays on the Isthmus of Darien. With a description of the buccaneers and a short account of old-time ships and sailors. By John Masefield. With twenty-two illustrations and map. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

This is a book made up from many books, of which Dampier's "Voyages," Esquemelin's "History," and Burney's "Buccaneers of America" are perhaps the best known. It also has some chapters on the primitive ships and sailors of the modern world, entertaining to experts, but sometimes difficult for the landsman to follow. It is, in consequence, a hodge-podge of everything relating to the Spanish main, into which fable may be presumed now and then to have made its way, without materially impairing the basis of fact. The map and illustrations are good, but the narrative is not consecutive and orderly enough; it is too much made up of episodes to serve as a systematic history. The writer's style, too, is marred by attempts at fine or "picturesque" writing, which is out of place, and far from good. It may be, for instance, that that great buccaneer, Morgan, when he was engaged in endeavoring to arrange with devout New England deacons to fortify a West Indian island as a pirates' "refuge and sanctuary," "chuckled to himself," but to picture him as "agonizing" about the Spanish Inquisition with earthquake and "eclipse" is to do an injustice to the English language, if not to the simple, straightforward cut-throat himself.

English writers have been generally care-

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ful to discriminate between adventurers who held regular commissions from their sovereign, and buccaneers who had none. Drake and Hawkins belong, according to them, to a wholly different class from Morgan; Dampier to still another. They also distinguish between buccaneers and ordinary pirates (*hostes humani generis*), on the ground that the buccaneers had a common enemy—Spain. They point out that the English, Dutch, and French adventurers who ravaged the Spanish Main did not prey upon one another. Spanish historians, however, do not follow them, but regard not only Morgan and Oxenham and Mansveldt, but Drake and Raleigh, as having committed acts of undisguised piracy It must be confessed that the English view is not wholly satisfactory. The real reason why Englishmen, Dutchmen, and Frenchmen made common cause in the Caribbean against Spain was merely that all treasure was Spanish. Had the Panama route been French, and had the treasure ships been bound for France, and Cartagena and Nombre de Dios been possessions of the French King, it would have been in spite of that king's beard that the capturing and pillaging and slaughtering and sacking would have gone on. Of course, it will not do to make a test of the way in which war was carried on. Pillage and sack, fire and sword, enslavement and ransom, were all part of lawful warfare in the seventeenth century, and the leaders of the buccaneers were in so far no worse than many a regular commander, on sea and land. In the last resort, to get at the status of any of the adventurers whose names are so inseparably associated with the Spanish Main, we must ask whether they were commissioned by a regular government; if they were, they were *ipso facto* distinguished from the buccaneers, who were not commissioned at all. Spanish historians may be pardoned for not being able to get so much satisfaction out of the distinction as we do.

A superficial distinction may be drawn, as we have observed, between buccaneers and later pirates like Kidd, from the fact that the former made a common enemy of Spain, but we doubt whether this sensibly improves their standing. That they were really pirates, with no common aim but plunder and debauchery, is shown by their failure to effect any permanent establishment anywhere. With the right sort of leader and any settled discipline and government, they might have easily wrested cities, provinces, or islands from Spain and become founders of a Caribbean empire, where some one of the enemies of Spain would have been glad to protect them. But their enterprises never attained or aimed at any political end; their expeditions conclude in a division of booty, and the solitary leader who seems to have had great organizing capacity evidently had only his own private advantage in view. He was a thrifty man and ended his career as Sir Henry Morgan, governor of Jamaica, noted for the severity of his measures against buccaneers. The account of his life, given here, is very illuminating.

The history preserved in Mr. Masefield's pages, and in the books from which he has drawn it, is chiefly valuable as being the only account we have of the actual life and customs of a community making a business of piracy. To a boy it is a book of excitement and adventure; to a student of history a curious illustration of how thin the veneer of civilization is, and how easily and completely, the restraints of law and police rule removed, the predatory and homicidal instincts reassert themselves. The Anarchist of to-day, who thinks that the only thing which interferes with peace on earth and good will to men is Government, would have amused the buccaneers greatly. When they got beyond the reach of the law they got what they wanted, and what it was we know very well. As a matter of fact they reduced anarchism to a system. When forced to do so they worked hard as wood-cutters and hunters. When they got a good boat and plenty of firearms and gunpowder, they threw off the evil restraints of government and killed, robbed, and ravished. So far as we know, they were much as other men in nature and disposition. But they had a great opportunity and improved it gloriously.

Principles and Methods of Taxation. By G. Armitage-Smith. London: John Murray.

The Taxation of the Liquor Trade. Vol. I. By Joseph Rowntree and Arthur Sherwell. London: Macmillan & Co. $3.25.

In the thick of the discussions of tariff reform and the taxation of land values, at least a few Englishmen have found time for other questions of finance, as the volumes now before us testify. Mr. Armitage-Smith's "Principles and Methods of Taxation" is a small work of 195 pages, which undertakes to give a concise account of "the British system of taxation and the principles upon which it is based." In order to do this, however, the author considered it necessary to dip into such topics as public debts and expenditures, general theories of taxation, and the financial systems of France and India; with the result that his treatment of his main subject is painfully brief, altogether superficial, and almost wholly unprofitable.

Chapters four and five deal with national taxation in Great Britain, and chapter nine treats of local taxation. From these the general reader may derive some profit, but the careful student will glean substantially nothing. Upon such important and interesting subjects as the income tax and the death duties, the author is particularly disappointing. One wonders, too, what he could have meant by saying that the modern income tax "has been evolved from the earlier poll tax" (p. 63). For Prussia, of course, this statement is true; but in England an interval of one hundred years separated the last poll tax from the first income tax. The American reader will wonder also at the statement that Massachusetts employs the income tax for local purposes only (p. 162). Further criticism of the book is needless; it is a hopeless task, in a volume of this size, to combine an adequate account of British taxation with numerous excursions, at random, into the general field of public finance.

Far different is the verdict upon Rowntree and Sherwell's "Taxation of the Liquor Trade." This is the first volume of a more extensive and successful study than any English or American writer has yet made in the field which it covers. Leaving the taxation of beer and spirits for a subsequent volume, the present instalment of the work treats of license taxes upon dealers in intoxicating liquors. While concerned chiefly with the English publican, the authors have made a careful study of license taxes in the British colonies and the United States, and for the latter country have given us the best available account of a subject which, in its fiscal aspects, has been wholly neglected.

Originally, the trade of the publican in England was virtually "free and unconfined." Light taxes were gradually introduced, in a more or less casual manner, and for the purpose of regulation rather than revenue. Toward the end of the eighteenth century the rates were slightly increased under the pressure of war expenditure; but they remained very low during the nineteenth century, as may be seen from the fact that the average cost of a license to sell spirits, which was £5 in 1800, was but £7 18s. in 1880, although population had increased out of all proportion to the increase in the number of licenses granted. Parliamentary enactments and the action of the licensing authorities had gradually restricted the trade and conferred upon licensed publicans a quasi-monopoly; yet no taxation commensurate with the enhanced value of a license had ever been attempted.

By 1880 the situation was little short of a "fiscal scandal." For twenty years the number of licensed dealers per 1,000 of the population had steadily declined, while the per capita expenditure on alcohol had risen from £2 18s. to £3 15s.; and it was too clear for argument that the publicans were enjoying a virtual monopoly conferred upon them by legislation. Accordingly Mr. Gladstone carried through a measure which raised the license duties some fifty per cent., placing them at substantially the rates that are now in force. This act increased the revenue immediately by fifty per cent., but our authors contend, and successfully, that it was absurdly inadequate then, and is scandalously so to-day. The highest charge, for dealers occupying premises having an annual value of £700, is but £60; and from this figure the duties taper down to £4 10s. for premises having an annual value of less than £10. Seventy-five per cent. of the public houses pay £25 or less, and only four per cent. pay more than £40. Meanwhile, since 1881, various restrictive measures have decreased the absolute number of publicans' licenses in the United Kingdom from 96,727 to 91,502, while population has increased by 8,000,000, and the national expenditure upon alcohol has risen from £145,538,000 to £168,987,000.

As the authors observe, "with 5,225 fewer public houses, there is an increased drink expenditure of £23,449,000." And finally, the conditions are made worse by the fact that the brewers, who more and more tend to become the same persons as the retailers, have been greatly enriched by changes introduced in 1880 in the method of taxing beer. A law enacted in 1904 provides for more adequate compensation for new licenses, but does nothing with established public houses, which are left in undisturbed enjoyment of the monopoly profits created for them by legislation.

To give point to their argument, Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell have studied the

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policy pursued by the British colonies and American States in their dealings with the liquor traffic; and are able to show that, judged either by colonial or American practice, the license charges in Great Britain are extremely low. In practically every colony the scale is higher than that prescribed by Gladstone's act of 1880, and in many of the American States it is strikingly so. Since the "high-license" movement which started in 1881, various American States have raised the minimum license charge to figures that far exceed the average British duty, and in some cases even the highest duty prescribed by Gladstone's act. In Massachusetts the minimum charge for a first-class license is $1,000, as compared with a maximum duty of $300 in Great Britain; and other commonwealths supply equally telling illustrations. In the 122 American cities having a population of 30,000 or more, the average charge for a license is $735, as compared with the British maximum of $300. In these cities the average rate of taxation is more than five times the rate in cities of similar size in Great Britain. As a natural result, the revenue derived from licenses is incomparably greater in the United States. New York city, with two-thirds the population of London, receives seven times as much revenue from this source; and thus the comparison continues through practically the entire list of cities. With this showing, it will be difficult hereafter for the representatives of the British publican to argue that he would be unfairly treated if the existing scale of duties were materially increased.

Our authors are concerned chiefly with the fiscal aspect of the license problem, and it is from this point of view that their performance must be judged. Tested by such a criterion, they have done their work well, and have left few loopholes for the shafts of the severest critic. The completion of their book will be awaited with interest. Of course, the British duties on beer and spirits offer no such shining mark for ardent financial reformers as do the absurd license charges established by the act of 1880; but they afford an admirable field for investigation and for the comparison of British and foreign legislation. It is work of this sort, rather than the writing of brief manuals upon "Taxation," that financial science really needs.

Canada: The New Nation. A Book for the Settler, the Emigrant, and the Politician. By H. R. Whates. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Whates, who is a good observer and a lively writer, came to Canada at the beginning of 1905 as a correspondent of the London *Standard*, and spent five months in studying the emigration movement. He passed his time with working people, and sought to learn their views on social and political questions. Ostensibly he was an immigrant in search of work; really, he was a political Socrates, going in and out among lumber camps and wheat fields to see what the average Canadian is like, and how his mind works. The present volume falls into two parts. The first, entitled "The Emigrant in Canada," is largely a narrative of personal adventure with reflections interspersed, and represents in the main articles which have already appeared in the *Standard*. The second, "An Analysis of Canadian Thought," deals with the relations of the Dominion to both the United States and England, discusses fiscal issues, and even contemplates such religious tendencies as have a bearing upon political destiny. Mr. Whates says of his chapters:

> Their general tendency is to encourage the emigration of hardy young men with some capital, much intelligence, and determination of character. They are calculated to deter the indiscriminate emigration of people who find themselves crowded out of the English labor market by long endurance of defeat in the battle of life in great cities.

The French element in Canadian life receives somewhat less attention than it deserves. Mr. Whates did not allot a large part of his time to the East and has little comment to offer upon the relations of the races. For this subject one must go, in recent literature, to M. Siegfried. So far as immigration questions are concerned, Mr. Whates's book does not suffer materially from its neglect of the place which Quebec occupies in Canadian politics, but when it comes to an analysis of Canadian thought one feels a distinct limitation to the value of the author's views. Indeed, there are two limitations. Mr. Whates apparently knows nothing at first hand about the French Canadian, and, secondly, he was at pains to avoid the Canadian manufacturer. Of course, Canada is essentially agricultural, but the manufacturing class, from the control of wealth, has a considerable leverage. However admirable the reclaimer of the wilderness may be, he has less political initiative than is possessed by the urban classes, who are dominated by the manufacturing interests.

Mr. Whates concludes that Canada is headed straight for independence—not necessarily for an independence which shall preclude connection, sentimental, or even nominal, with the British Empire, but which shall give her national self-consciousness.

Drama.

AN AMERICAN PLAY.

Many scores of American plays of different kinds have been produced since Royall Tyler's "The Contrast" was first played in 1787. We have had the old frontier drama, the Yankee plays—of the "Solon Shingle" type—war and slavery pieces innumerable, the romantic melodrama of the imaginary Wild West, the modern social comedies of Bronson Howard, Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch, and miscellaneous compositions of all sorts. In fact the bulk of American dramatic writing is considerable. But by far the greater part of it has been of a light, local, conventional, ephemeral or merely sensational character, without any general, not to speak of national, significance or any distinctively American atmosphere, motive, or spirit. Most of it has been completely worthless as a genuine reflection of human nature, and consequently utterly futile as drama. On that account such a play as "The Great Divide," by William Vaughn Moody—just produced in the Princess Theatre in this city—which is not only essentially American in conception, but deals in a bold, striking, and original way with the passions and prejudices which are among the conflicting elements in a vast and as yet unassimilated population, is particularly welcome. It at least demonstrates the possibility of a real national drama in the future. A certain extravagance in the terms of the problem to be solved betrays the inexperience of the author. He takes as his heroine a delicate and refined woman, representative of the best New England culture, and for a hero a rough Arizona miner, whose nature, fine in the beginning, has been brutalized by debauchery and drink. His scheme is to unite them through the agency of that great leveller, love. To do this he devises a scene—undeniably shocking in suggestion, in spite of tactful handling—in which the woman is threatened with the foulest outrage by three men, of whom the hero is one. In despair she promises to give herself to him, in marriage, if he will save her from the others. He does so, and then, after some profession of remorse, ruthlessly enforces his bargain, while consenting to legalize it. This is the first act; the two next show how he atones for his ruffianism by his patient service, his entire devotion, and resolute guardianship, until at last, after the birth of a child, the woman's heart, conquered by his virility, repentance, and doglike faithfulness, yearns for him and will not let him go. Plainly, there is much in this which is contrary to all human experience. The offence is too great, the conversion too radical, the forgiveness too superhuman. But the tale is unfolded with uncommon skill and plausibility, and the conflict of opposing wills, emotions, and natures creates a constant and cumulative dramatic interest rare indeed in a modern play. Mr. Moody's next drama will be awaited with eager curiosity. Already he has won a distinguished place among our younger poets, and there seems no reason why, as a playwright, he may not in the near future assume a position at least equal to that of the English Stephen Phillips. He is very fortunate in his present company which is excellent. The performances of Miss Anglin and Henry Miller in the leading parts, are particularly good.

Adelaide Ristori, on whose career we comment elsewhere, died at Rome on Tuesday. She was born in 1821, at Cividale, a small town of the old Duchy of Friuli. The daughter of obscure comedians, she played children's rôles at four years of age, and when twelve years old played soubrette and ingénue parts. Two years later she appeared in "Francesca da Rimini." When she reached the age of fifteen she entered the Sardinian stock company, and was taken under the protection of Charlotte Marchionni, the leading actress of the troupe, who gave her valuable lessons. In 1847 she married the young Marquis Capranica del Grillo, and for a time abandoned her dramatic career. She reappeared on the stage in 1849 at Rome, but it was not until 1850 that she regularly resumed her profession. In 1855 she took Paris by storm. Lamartine wrote verses about her, and the French Government tried to persuade her to join the Théâtre Français; but she declined. She visited England in 1855, Spain in 1857, Holland and Russia in

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1860, and the United States in 1866. She made her début at the French Theatre, New York, as "Medea," and she played in Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Louisville, and other cities. After a trip to South America she returned to this country. In 1880 she formed a company in Rome and made a final tour of Europe. In 1884 she made a farewell visit to the United States. She retired in 1885. Her eightieth birthday was the occasion for many festivities throughout Italy. King Victor Emmanuel went in person to her house to congratulate her, and mayors and other dignitaries of towns paid their respects to her. The gifts to her included a gold medal expressly struck by order of the minister of education.

Music.

Aus der Glanzzeit der Weimarer Altenburg, Von La Mara. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel.

"La Mara," the indefatigable writer of music books, and editor of the letters of composers, notably Liszt, has once more earned the gratitude of music-lovers by issuing a volume of letters by eminent persons, addressed to the Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein, to whose influence it was owing that Weimar, in the days of Liszt, once more became as remarkable a centre of the higher life as it had been in the time of Goethe. It was she who persuaded Liszt to give up his brilliant career as pianist (thirty-nine years before his death) and devote himself thenceforth to composing, teaching, and conducting. It was she who provided a home for him at the Altenburg, which thenceforth became the rendezvous of nearly all the men and women famous at that time in the world of art and letters. Liszt's letters to the Princess, written during his temporary sojourns elsewhere, have been issued separately in four volumes. The present collection contains letters from Richard Wagner, Clara Schumann, Fétis, Berlioz, Gutzkow, Genelli, Dingelstedt, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Schnorr von Carolsfeld, Alexander von Humboldt, Moritz von Schwind, Gustav Freytag, Varnhagen von Ense, Anton Rubinstein, Christian Rauch, Bogumil Dawison, Eugène Delacroix, Jacob Moleschott, Ludwig Richter, Gottfried Semper, Wilhelm von Lübke, Friedrich Vischer, Friedrich Hebbel, Carl Gustav Carus, Pauline Viardot-Garcia, Leopold Damrosch, Adolph Menzel, Alfred Meissner, Jules Janin, Paul Heyse, and many others.

Baron von Liebig once said to Liszt regarding the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein: "I have never met her like! In one hour she can squeeze out of the wisest and wittiest savant all there is in him." The letters here presented to the world recall that remark. The writers all seem anxious to say something about themselves of real interest, and the result is that nearly all of these letters (249 in number, covering 441 pages) are worth reading. The secret of her popularity among men of genius is clearly revealed by two of her correspondents, Ernst Förster, and the eminent painter Buonaventura Genelli. Förster was made happy by being asked to read to her the third volume of his history of German art before it went to press; and in one of his letters he says: "You explore the depths of a work of art with the enthusiasm of the creative artist and thus delight him even beyond the grave." Genelli expresses the wish that the best of his works might be in the hands of such genuine connoisseurs as herself and Liszt, who would not keep them, as it were, in a coffin; in that case he would be only too glad to burn the others, could he get them back.

It has been said that Liszt accelerated the popularity of "Lohengrin" by ten years by the essay he wrote about it. Copies of it were sent by the Princess to many of her friends, including Genelli, who wrote that it had aroused in him an incredible eagerness to hear the opera. "What an eloquent style, what a many-sided culture, what a noble soul, bold and free from envy, speak to us from every line! I doubt if ever an artist has thus entered the lists for another artist's works." Michael Angelo, he remarks on another page, "if he had been asked to write his opinion of Raphael, would doubtless have said something foolish, for he had asserted that Raphael was not really a genius, but simply a hard-worker. How contemptuously Cellini (whose one great achievement is probably his autobiography) speaks of the far superior talent of Bandinelli. Truly, it requires a great love and devotion *alla* Liszt to place the art works of others in the most favorable light."

After hearing "Lohengrin," Genelli makes the amusing comment: "Neither my wife nor I could perceive the least trace of lunacy in this opera, nor did we have the sensation, in listening to these strains, as if we were having nails driven into our skulls for three hours, as a local musician is said to have expressed his feelings in regard to this music." As for Wagner's own letters to the Princess they contain not a few characteristic touches. There are not many references to his health, but he signs one of them "Richard der Catarrhist." He laments his inability to come to Germany and live at Weimar. "How soon the few years allotted to us will be at an end, and how much we are likely to regret toward the close having spent our time among apes and dogs instead of with those who are dearest to us." When he had composed his Rhinemaiden music for "Rheingold" he was so pleased with it that he copied the themes in full and sent them to the Princess; they are reproduced in facsimile at the end of this volume—a marvel of calligraphy. There are interesting references also to the "Walküre." In one letter he says:

What fascinates me in great poets is always rather what they are silent about than what they say; indeed, the true greatness of a poet I learn almost more from his silence than from his words; this is what has made Calderon so great and dear to me. What makes me love music so unspeakably is that it preserves silence about everything while saying the most unthinkable things; strictly speaking, music is, therefore, the only true art, the others being mere attempts.

These samples must suffice to indicate the interest of La Mara's latest volume. We cannot refrain, however, from adding an amusing anecdote related therein about Liszt. Being urged, one evening, to play at an unceremonious gathering, he exclaimed: "Puisque vous êtes si extraordinaire en toutes choses, je vais vous faire quelque chose d'extraordinaire—je vais vous jouer le Sehnsuchtswalzer en gants"; whereupon he sat down and played Schubert's waltz without taking off his gloves.

Three weeks earlier than last year, the musical season in New York was opened on October 8, at Carnegie Hall, with an operatic concert by Ruggiero Leoncavallo, one of the three composers who created the "veristic" school of Italian opera—works written with a dagger dipped in blood. There were eight Italian singers and an orchestra announced as that of Italy's leading opera house, La Scala of Milan, which proved to be quite inferior to that of our Metropolitan Opera House. The programme included a march, "Viva L'America," dedicated to President Roosevelt; an "Ave Maria," dedicated to the Pope, and excerpts from five of Leoncavallo's operas—"Chatterton," "Zaza," "I Medici," "Rolando di Berlino," and, of course, "I Pagliacci," the only one of his operas which has enjoyed a success. For critical hearers the interest of the occasion centred largely in the selections—the overture and a duo—from "Rolando di Berlino," the opera which Leoncavallo composed at the request and with the aid of the German Emperor. If we may judge by the specimens of the music heard on Monday, "Rolando" is pretentious stuff, adroitly written, like most of Leoncavallo's music, to bring out vocal effects, but barren of melodic or harmonic ideas. The concert as a whole was painfully monotonous, all the offerings being mere *Kapellmeistermusik*, such as almost any musican might write by the yard. The most individual offering was the "Ave Maria," which was written for the benefit of the earthquake sufferers in Calabria.

During the three seasons that the New York Philharmonic Society imported famous conductors from Europe, Wassily Safonoff attracted the largest and most enthusiastic audiences. His permanent engagement followed as a logical consequence, and he will preside over all the concerts of the coming season, the dates of which are November 16, 17, 30, December 1, 21, 22, January 4, 5, February 8, 9, March 1, 2, 15, 16. Among the soloists so far engaged are Maud Powell, who will play a new violin concerto by Sibelius, the Finnish composer of whom such great things are expected; Josef Lhevinne, who made such a sensational début last year in a Rubinstein concerto; Burgstaller, who will assist in a special Wagner programme; Ossip Gabrilowitch and Hugo Heermann.

Vienna is to hear four new operas this season — Humperdinck's "Heirath wider Willen," Erlanger's "Der Polnische Jude," Schillings's "Moloch," and Zemlinski's "Der Trauerzug." In Paris, Paul Vidal, the new conductor who succeeds Taffanel at the Opéra, will produce Massenet's "Ariane" and two of his own operas—"Midas" and "La Fille de Rameses." Massenet's "Ariane" will also be heard at Brussels, where the list includes, besides, Strauss's "Salome," Messager's "Madame Chrysanthème," Berlioz's "Troyens," Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," and Smetana's "Bartered Bride."

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It has always been supposed that Brahms wrote hardly any letters. It now appears that he did write a considerable number. Those addressed by him to Herzogenberg and his wife are to be printed this autumn. There are a good many to his life-long friend, Joachim, which will make another volume. These letters will probably furnish interesting reading, for Brahms was often witty and entertaining.

Is Ernst Boehe the coming music man in Germany? He is a young composer, of about twenty-seven, whose name was prominent on concert programmes last year. His cycle, "The Wanderings of Ulysses," was first performed in Munich three years ago and made him famous at a stroke. Last season it had sixty-five performances in Germany, a record exceeding Reger's much-discussed Sinfonietta and equalled only by Strauss among the living writers.

Art.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art is exhibiting a number of recent acquisitions. Among them are the following bronzes: "The Sluggard" and "Needless Alarms," by the late Lord Leighton; "Peace," by the late E. Onslow Ford; "Eve," by Thomas Brock; "Tragedy and Comedy" and "Perseus," by Alfred Gilbert; and "Spring" and "The Age of Innocence," by Alfred Drury. The purchase of these bronzes is in pursuance of the new policy of securing important contemporary work. The museum has also received a set of electrotype reproductions of thirty-eight silver vessels, cooking utensils of a Roman general, found near Hildesheim in Germany in 1868, and now in the Royal Museum of Berlin. Sir William Van Horne has presented "A Spanish Dancer," a portrait of Carmencita, by William M. Chase.

A collection of works by William Holman-Hunt, gathered with the coöperation of the artist, is exhibited at the Leicester Galleries, London. The show opened last Saturday and will continue for six weeks. With the exception of "The Light of the World," which was recently exhibited in London and is now in the colonies, all the most famous works of Holman Hunt are shown. The City of Birmingham is lending "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "Christ in the Temple," and the Manchester Corporation "The Shadow of Death" and "The Hireling Shepherd"; besides which there will be the "Triumph of the Innocents," "The Lady of Shalott," the artist's portrait of himself destined for the Uffizi Gallery, and numerous other paintings and water-colors.

Signor Corrado Ricci, an authority in his sphere, who has, after much demur, accepted from the Italian Government the position of director of fine arts, announces a general catalogue of the entire art-patrimony of Italy. In each commune competent persons are to be charged with the critical description and history of art-works, their dimensions and state of preservation. Signor Ricci will himself publish a monthly bulletin like that already devoted to archæological finds, with illustrations and exact information concerning new acquisitions, restorations, and discoveries. Best of all, the money for these undertakings has already been appropriated.

The admirers of the painter Degas—he has his faithful more numerous out of France than at home—will regret to learn that his painting days are over. He is now almost totally blind, but the art impulse is ever strong within him. He has turned to sculpture, and all day long silently works at figurines as strange and living as the wonderful studies in perspective among ballet dancers which merited for him the name of Michel Angelo of shoulder blades. He never exhibited at the Salons; those who liked his work came to buy at his studio. One American collection is said to be rich in samples; and dealers have cornered more for the promising future.

The Art Club of Philadelphia will hold its eighteenth annual exhibition of oil paintings and sculpture from November 19 to December 16.

A large exhibition of works by the German sculptor, Reinhold Begas, is being held in Berlin under the auspices of the Society of Berlin Artists, in celebration of the artist's seventy-fifth birthday.

Science.

AMERICAN ELECTROCHEMICAL SOCIETY.

The tenth general meeting of the American Electrochemical Society was held at Columbia University on Monday and Tuesday. Among the papers read were the following: Henry S. Carhart, "Formula for the E. M. F. of a Helmholtz Concentration Cell"; Carl Hering, "Visible Migration of Particles Between Electrodes"; S. S. Sadtler, "Some Small Laboratory Appliances for Electric Fusion and Other Work"; J. W. Turrentine, "Copper Cathodes in Nitric Acid"; H. K. Tuttle, "Electrolytic Deposition of Gold from Bullion"; G. H. Cole and H. T. Barnes, "An Aluminum and Magnesium Cell"; Francis R. Pyne, "Melting Points of Some Cryolite-Alumina Mixtures"; F. B. Crocker, "The Decker Primary Battery"; E. F. Roeber, Ph.D., "Pyrometers, Theoretically and Practically Considered, with Remarks on the Definition of Temperature"; F. F. Schuetz, "A Thermo-Electric Pyrometer for General Industrial Applications"; P. B. Sadtler and W. H. Walker, Ph.D., "Double Decomposition of Zinc Sulphate and Sodium Chloride"; H. E. Patten, Ph.D., "Some Factors Affecting the Distribution Law"; Charles Baskerville, Ph.D., "Use of Ultra-Violet Light in the Laboratory and in Practice" (with experiments).

The president of the society, Carl Hering, was in the chair; and Prof. Charles F. Chandler made an address of welcome on behalf of Columbia. The members visited the Waterside station of the New York Edison Company, met at informal dinner on Monday night, and on Tuesday evening attended a reception to Sir William Perkin at the Chemists' Club. Some of the members were present at the dinner to Sir William Perkin on Saturday night, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his discovery of coal tar dyes.

Petermann's Mitteilungen, No. 8, opens with a description of the physical features of Servia, by Professor Adamovic, having especial reference to the distribution of plant life. It is accompanied by a chart in seven different colors, corresponding to the vegetable regions into which the country is divided. Professor Sapper's account of Lanzarote, one of the Canary Islands, is largely devoted to the volcanoes and volcanic cones of which there is an extraordinary number on the island. An appreciative review of the reports of the Princeton University expedition to Patagonia closes with the remark that the late J. B. Hatcher's narrative of the expedition "was one of the best, if not the best, book treating of the geographical characteristics of Patagonia." There is also an extended notice of the recent report of John Hayford of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, on the geodetic evidence of isostasy and its bearing upon some of the great problems of geology.

The St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences has accepted the offer of the millionaire Rjabusinsky of Moscow, who promised to give half a million rubles to equip a scientific expedition to Kamtskatka. The expedition is to start early next year and to return two years later.

This week Houghton, Mifflin & Co. issue Volume VI. of "The Proceedings of the International Congress of Arts and Sciences" at St. Louis, September, 1904. This volume is devoted to Medicine and Technology. Among the contributors are Dr. Ronald Ross of Liverpool; Prof. Johannes Orth of Berlin; Dr. Kitasato of Tokio; Sir Lauder Brunton of London; Prof. Clifford Allbutt of Cambridge; Professor Liebreich of Berlin; Dr. F. S. Dennis of Cornell; Professor Thayer of Johns Hopkins; Professor Escherich of Vienna; Dr. Jacobi of Columbia; Professor Christy of California; Professor Pupin of Columbia.

Henry Holt & Co. have concluded a contract with Dr. Frank H. Knowlton, president of the Biological Society of Washington, for his "Birds of the World," edited by Robert Ridgway, curator of birds, United States National Museum. This book will appear in the new American Nature Series.

Finance.

OUR BORROWINGS ABROAD.

The attention of financial markets, in this country and abroad, has for several weeks converged on what may be called Wall Street's floating indebtedness to Europe. Ever since the New York Associated Banks, on September 8, reported a ratio of cash reserve to deposit liabilities below the percentage required by the National Bank Act, European markets have been in commotion over our bankers' manœuvres to draw on foreign capital. Loans in enormous sums were placed by Wall Street in London, Paris, and Berlin. Having placed such loans, the American borrowers proceeded to draw on the proceeds in the form of gold. The Bank of England, taking alarm, raised its rate of discount; the Imperial Bank of Germany followed,

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This protective measure had no effect whatever. Wall Street was ready to pay the higher price. Our bankers continued to borrow; since the first week of September, they have engaged for import, chiefly from London, but partly also from Paris and Australia, no less than $43,000,000 in gold. From the Bank of England's own reserve, something like $15,000,000 has been withdrawn for export to New York; in addition to which, nearly all the gold arriving in London from the Transvaal, which usually flows automatically into the Bank, has been captured by our bankers. This has happened at a time when England's internal trade, like our own, was drawing heavily on the city bank reserves, and when export of gold to Egypt, whose cotton trade is at its height, was taking $5,000,000 gold or thereabouts weekly from the Bank of England. The Bank of France, whose powers are more arbitrary, and which is apprehensive over a possible financial crisis in Russia, of whose public securities France is believed to hold $2,500,000,000, refused to give up its gold. As a consequence, stock of gold in the English bank has fallen to the lowest figure reached at this time of year since 1893.

How was this remarkable "raid" on Europe's gold reserve made possible? That the motive was to repair the strength of our own banks, overstrained by demands from unprecedentedly active trade and excited speculation, is known well enough. But how did our bankers obtain such quite unparalleled command over Europe's supply of capital and stock of gold? The answer involves some interesting phenomena of present-day finance. Outside of Wall Street, few people are aware of the magnitude of international borrowings conducted on pure credit. Money borrowed in London, on the pledge of the best American securities, is a simple matter; but the so-called "finance bill" is not so familiar. A banking house, in high standing on all the markets of the world, does not have to pledge collateral. It may borrow abroad, and often does, on its simple note-of-hand, sums ranging in the tens of millions.

In 1900, America was a creditor of Europe on operations of this sort; the common estimate then was that our banking houses had advanced to foreign markets—partly through investment in European securities, partly through outright loans—no less than $200,000,000. The wild "promotion boom" of 1901 reversed the situation; we were then believed to be owing Europe an equal sum. In due course that floating debt was entirely liquidated, largely through the sale of our stocks to our foreign creditors, at a heavy sacrifice, in 1903. In 1904, there was reason to believe that our international account stood at an even balance. To-day, many of the best-informed banking experts estimate that another debt of not less than $500,000,000 has been contracted in Europe.

But again, how did our borrowers obtain such credits, and how could Europe spare them? On the answer to this question, not even practical bankers are agreed. Last summer it was conceded, however, both at home and abroad, that American credit on these foreign markets stood at perhaps the highest point ever reached. In part, this was a consequence of our abundant harvests, and our heavy export trade. The country's excess of merchandise exports over imports, for the first eight months of 1906, was not, it is true, as large as in 1901, 1900, 1899, or 1898; but it exceeded all other recent years, and its continuance was foreshadowed by the remarkable outlook for our crops this year. This factor is important, because this balance on the merchandise returns is expected to square accounts for our foreign floating debt. The "finance bill" borrowing is in effect the anticipation of what Europe must pay to us when our wheat and corn and cotton go abroad.

Beyond even this consideration stands the fact that the imagination of the European money-lender has undoubtedly been impressed by the long continuance of our great prosperity, and the promptness with which our financial markets recovered from the reaction of 1903. Nor should the practical observer overlook the fact that the extravagantly high rates bid for money on Wall Street, this year and last year, have made strong appeal to the profit-earning instincts of foreign bankers. Had they believed these abnormal bids to be a sign of financial rottenness, they would doubtless have held aloof. But having no such suspicion, they have insisted on heaping up fresh advances, to Wall Street speculators as well as to international bankers—this in the face of protest from the foreign borrowing community, and of active opposition by the Bank of England.

It may finally be asked, is there, or is there not, an element of danger in this situation? The answer to such a question must depend on circumstances. This much is clear, that the borrowing of such sums from Europe places our finances in a position more vulnerable to unexpected accident than they have occupied in many years. Debt of this sort is not always easy to provide for. Similar borrowings had been made, with the utmost confidence, in the course of the Wall Street speculative craze in the early months of 1901. Our foreign credit then, as now, was unimpeachable, and for similar reasons; and we used it to the full. The sequel was that the unexpected happened in three or four directions. Two great banking interests fell to quarreling, and the financial markets collapsed under their struggles. The corn crop failed, and our export trade declined $100,000,000 for the year. The shock of President McKinley's assassination startled both home and foreign investors. Along with this, Europe, which had been watching our "boom" with complacent admiration, suddenly arrived at the conclusion that our promoting and speculating bankers had over-reached themselves. They recalled their loans; our money markets had to draw on their own already overstrained resources to provide the means, and a period of severe depression followed.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbot, Francis Ellingwood. The Socialistic Philosophy. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Atkinson, Thomas Dinham. A Glossary of English Architecture. London: Methuen & Co. 3s. 6d. net
Bacon, Dolores. Crumbs and His Times. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.
Baedeker's Northern Italy. Imported by Scribners. $2.40 net.
Barbour, Ralph Henry. The Crimson Sweater. Century Co. $1.50.
Barrett, Howard. The Management of Children. Dutton. $2.
Barstow, Lewis O. The Modern Pulpit. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Bell, Alexander Graham. The Mechanism of Speech. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1 net.
Bergen, Joseph Y., and Bradley M. Davis. Principles of Botany. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50.
Bierce, Ambrose. The Cynic's Word Book. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1 net.
Blaisdell, E. Warde. Animal Serials. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1 net.
Brewster, William. The Birds of the Cambridge Region of Massachusetts. Cambridge, Mass.
Brookfield, Charles and Frances. Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle. Scribners. $3.50 net.
Brown, Alice. The Country Road. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Burrage, Henry Sweetser. Gettysburg and Lincoln. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Caird, Mona. Romantic Cities of Provence. Imported by Scribners. $3.75 net.
Caldwell, George W. Oriental Rambles. Poughkeepsie: Published by the Author.
Carling, George. Richard Elliott, Financier. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Charaka Club, The Proceedings of the, Vol. II. William Wood & Co.
Child's Calendar Beautiful. Arranged by R. Katharine Beeson. Scribners. $1 net.
Coates, Mrs. Everard. Set in Authority. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Comstock, Harriet T. The Queen's Hostage. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Coolidge, Susan. A Sheaf of Stories. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
De Quincey's Autobiography. Edited by Tighe Hopkins. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Edwards, A. Herbage. Kakemono: Japanese Sketches. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Eliot, Charles W. Great Riches. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents net.
Ellis, Edward S. A Hunt on Snow-Shoes. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 75 cents.
Emerson's Representative Men. Edited by Philo M. Buck. Macmillan Co.
English Music, 1604 to 1904. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Fairy Stories. Retold from the St. Nicholas. Century Co.
Findlater, Jane H. The Ladder to the Stars. Appletons. $1.50.
Forbush, William Byron. Ecclesiastes in the Metre of Omar. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Fuller, Herbert Bruce. The Purchase of Florida. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.
Galloway, Thomas Walton. First Course in Zoology. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.
Gardiner, J. H. The Bible as English Literature. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Gaskell, Mrs. Mary Barton.—Cranford. Putnams. $1.50 each.
Gerstäcker, Frederick. Germelshausen. Translated by Clara M. Lathrop. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents net.
Graham, Henry Grey. The Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century. Macmillan Co. $2.50.
Hale, Edward Everett. Man Without a Country. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents net.
Hale, Edward Everett. Tarry at Home Travels. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Harrison, T. Erat, and W. G. Paulson Townsend. Some Terms Commonly Used in Ornamental Design. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Hartley, C. Gasquoine. Moorish Cities in Spain. Imported by Scribners. $1 net.
Herford, Oliver. A Little Book of Bores. Scribners. $1 net.
Hichens, Robert. The Call of the Blood. Harpers. $1.50.
Hill, Frederick Trevor. Lincoln the Lawyer. Century Co. $6 net.
Hind, C. Lewis. The Education of an Artist. Macmillan Co. $2.50.
Hobbes, John Oliver. The Dreams and the Business. Appletons. $1.50.
Hornaday, William T. Camp-Fires in the Canadian Rockies. Scribners. $3 net.
Hyde, A. G. George Herbert and His Times. Putnams. $2.75.
Hyde, Henry M. The Upstart. Century Co. $1.50.
Hyne, C. J. Cutcliffe. The Trials of Commander McTurk. Dutton. $1.50.
Ireland, William W. The Life of Sir Henry Vane. Dutton. $3 net.
James, George Wharton. The Story of Scraggles. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1770-1772. Richmond, Va.
King, Charles F. Advanced Geography. Scribners.
Kipling, Rudyard. Puck of Pook's Hill. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Kipling, Rudyard. They. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Knox, George William. The Spirit of the Orient. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Kobbé, Gustav. Famous American Songs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Kuhns, Oscar. Saint Francis of Assisi. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents net.
Lansdale, Maria Hornor. The Châteaux of Touraine. Century Co. $6 net.
Larned, J. N. Books, Culture and Character. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Laughlin, J. Laurence. Industrial America. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Lee, Marion. Confessions to a Heathen Idol. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Lippmann, Fr. Engraving and Etching. Translated by Martin Hardie. Imported by Scribners. $3 net.
Lodge, Henry Cabot. A Frontier Town and other Essays. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Longfellow Calendar. Edited by Anna H. Smith. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Lounsbury, Thomas R. The Text of Shakespeare. Scribners. $2 net.
Magnay, William. The Master Spirit. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Marden, Orison Swett. Success Nuggets. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents net.
Martin, Benjamin Ellis and Charlotte M. The Stones of Paris. Scribners.
Maud, Constance Elizabeth. Felicity in France. Imported by Scribners. $1.50 net.
McMahan, Anna Benneson. With Byron in Italy. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Meredith, George, The Works of. 4 vols. Scrib-

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ners. $1 each.
Minnich, Michael Reed. A Memoir of the First Treasurer of the United States. Philadelphia: Published by the author.
Moffat, Mary Maxwell. Queen Louisa of Prussia. Dutton. $3 net.
Morey, William C. Outlines of Ancient History. American Book Co.
Morse, Edward S. Mars and its Mystery. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2 net.
Morris, J. Makers of Japan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Mosher, William E. Willkommen in Deutschland. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Nicolay, Helen. The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln. Century Co.
Nirdlinger, Charles Frederic. Washington's First Defeat: A comedy in one act. Samuel French.
Ormond, Alexander Thomas. Concepts of Philosophy. Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Page, Thomas Nelson. On Newfound River. Scribners. $1.50.
Palliser, George A. Up-to-Date House Plans. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. $1.
Parlin, Frank E. The Quincy Word List. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Parsons, Mrs. Clement. David Garrick and His Circle. Putnams.
Perry, Bliss. Walt Whitman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Phillpotts, Eden. My Garden. Imported by Scribners. $3.75 net.
Polly and the Aunt. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.
Prescott, William H. The Complete Works of. 12 vols. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $12.
Quimby, Alden W. Valley Forge. Eaton & Mains. $1.25.
Railway Organization and Working. Edited by Ernest R. Dewsnup. University of Chicago Press. $2 net.
Reid, W. Max. Old Fort Johnson. Putnams. $3 net.
Root, Robert Kilburn. The Poetry of Chaucer. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Schuyler, William. Under Pontius Pilate. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50.
Scollard, Clinton. Lyrics and Legends of Christmas-Tide. Clinton, N. Y.: George William Browning.
Seawell, Molly Elliot. The Victory. Appletons. $1.50.
Sill, Edward Rowland. The Poetical Works of. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Smith, Charlotte Curtis. The Girls of Pineridge. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Smith, F. Berkeley. In London Town. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50 net.
Staley, Edgcumbe. The Guilds of Florence. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Stanley, Edgcumbe. Lord Leighton. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Strasburger, Eduard. Rambles on the Riviera. Translated by O. and B. C. Casey. Imported by Scribners. $5 net.
Thoreau, Henry D. Friendship. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents net.
Tomlinson, Everett T. The War of 1812. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Trowbridge, W. R. H. Court Beauties of the Old Whitehall. Imported by Scribners. $3.75 net.
Van Vorst, Mrs. John. Letters to Women in Love. Appletons. $1.50.
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